THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1862.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.
WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2143.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

USEFUL AND HANDSOME PREMIUM!

To every Two Dollar Subscriber, who pays in Advance for 1862, and to every Person who gets up a Club for 1863, will be given, or sent by mail (*postage prepaid by us*) a Handsome Colored Map of the Slave-holding States—four feet long by three feet broad.

☞ *Every club subscriber who wishes a copy of this Map, can have it sent to him (postage prepaid) by forwarding Fifty Cents in addition to the club rate.*

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year,	$2,00
" " two years,	3,00
" " four "	5,00
Two copies, one year,	3,00
Four " "	5,00
Eight " "	10,00
Ten " "	12,00
Twenty " "	20,00

We send a copy Gratis *to every person who sends a club of* Eight, Ten *or* Twenty *subscribers.* This is in addition to the Map Premium, which we send to the getter-up of *every* Club.

For $3 we send Arthur's Home Magazine and The Post, one year each.

Additions to Clubs.—Any person having sent a Club, may add other names at any time during the year.

The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty-six cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the United States postage on their papers.

Remittances may be made in notes of any solvent Bank, but we *prefer* U. S. Treasury Notes or Pennsylvania or other Eastern money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and *one or three* cent postage stamps, are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) payable to *our order*.

DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

THE HARRISON MANSION, HARRISON'S LANDING, JAMES RIVER.

The above, expressly engraved for The Post from the *Illustrated News*, represents the Harrison Mansion at Harrison's Landing, James River. It is now used by General McClellan as a Hospital.

ENDLESS SUMMER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CARRIE MYER.

Under the wings of the cherubim
Love's ark is borne,
Where rises to heaven the holiest hymn
From morn to morn.

Over rich valleys so green and fair,
All bright and blest,
Gently the dear one has led me where
For aye I rest.

Guiding me on with charméd voice
To Hope's gay bowers,
Bidding me enter he says rejoice
Among the flowers.

Purple and golden now flush the mounts!
Fruition's calm
Softens the gushing of Life's clear founts
To one sweet psalm.

Music forever shall thrill mine ear;
Oh, deprest heart!
Summer that blossoms in glory here
Can ne'er depart!

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "The Channings," "East Lynne," "The Earl's Heirs," "A Life's Secret," Etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XV.

PECKABY'S SHOP.

On passing through Deerham from Verner's Pride, a little below the shop of Mrs. Duff, you come upon an opening on the left hand, which led to quite a swarm of cottages. Many of the laborers congregated here. If you took this turning, which was called Clay Lane, and continued your way past the cottages in a straight line over the fields, you would arrive at the residence of the gamekeeper, Broom, leaving some brick-fields to the right, and the Willow-pool, which had been the end of poor Rachel Frost, on the left. But, unless you climbed hedges, you could not get to the pool from this quarter without going a round near the gamekeeper's. The path which led to Verner's Pride past the pool, and which Rachel had taken that unfortunate night, had its commencement higher up in the village, above Mrs. Duff's. A few cottages were scattered again beyond the gamekeeper's, and one or two this side of it: but we have nothing to do with them at present.

A great part of the ill-feeling rife, on the estate, was connected with these brick-fields. It had been a great mistake on Mr. Verner's part ever to put Roy into power: had Mr. Verner been in the habit of going out of doors himself, he would have seen this, and not kept the man on a week. The former bailiff had died suddenly; he, the bailiff, had given some little power to Roy during his lifetime; had taken him on as a sort of inferior helper; and Mr. Verner, put to shifts by the bailiff's death, had allowed Roy so to continue. Bit by bit, step by step, gradually, covertly, the man made good his footing: no other was put over his head, and in time he came to be called Roy the bailiff, without having ever been formally appointed as bailiff. He drew his two pounds per week—his accorded wages—and he made, it is hard to say what, besides. Avarice and tyranny were the predominant passion of Roy's mind; bad qualities, and likely to bring forth bad fruits, when joined to petty power.

About three years previous to Mr. Verner's death, a stranger had appeared in Clay Lane, and set up a shop there. Nearly every conceivable thing in the shape of eatables was sold in it; that is, such eatables as are in request amidst the poor. Bread, flour, meat, potatoes, butter, tea, sugar, red herrings, and the like. Soap and candles were also sold; and afterwards the man added green vegetables and coals, the latter doled out by the measure, so much a "kipe." The man's name was Peckaby: he and his wife were without family, and they managed the shop between them. A tall, strong, brawny man was he; his wife was a remarkably tall woman, fond of gossip and of smart caps. She would go gadding out for hours at a stretch, leaving him to get through all the work at home, the preparing meals, the serving customers.

Folks fly to new things; to do so is a propensity inherent in the human, female nature—and Mr. Peckaby's shop flourished. Not that he was much honored with the complimentary "Mr.;" his customers brought it out short—"Peckaby's shop." Much intimacy had appeared to exist, from the first, between him and Roy, so that it was surmised they had been previously acquainted. The prices were low, the shop was close at hand, and Clay Lane flocked to it.

New things, however, like new faces, are apt to turn out no better than the old; sometimes not as good. And thus it proved with Peckaby's shop. From rather underselling the shops of the village, Peckaby's shop grew to increase its charges until they were higher than anybody's else: the wares also deteriorated in value. Clay Lane awoke to this by degrees, and would have taken its custom away. But that was more easily contemplated than done: a good many of them had been allowed to get on Peckaby's books, and they also found that Roy set his face against their leaving the shop. For Roy to set his face against a measure, was a formidable affair, not readily contended with: the laborers did not dare to fly in his face, lest he should make an excuse to take their work from them.—He had already discharged several. So Clay Lane, for the most part, found itself tied to Peckaby's shop, and to paying some thirty per cent. beyond what they would have paid at the old shops; added to which, was the grievance of being compelled to put up with very inferior articles. Dissatisfaction at this state of things had long been smouldering.—It grew and grew, threatening to break out into open rebellion, perhaps to bloodshed.—The neighborhood cried shame upon Roy, and felt inclined to echo the cry upon Mrs. Verner; while Clay Lane openly avowed their belief that Peckaby's shop was Roy's shop, and that the Peckabys were only put in to manage it.

One fearfully hot Monday morning in the beginning of July, Lionel Verner was passing down Clay Lane. In another week he would be away from Deerham. Lady Verner's illness had commenced the latter end of April, and it was growing towards the end of June before she began to get better, or would give Lionel leave to depart.

Jan, plain-speaking, truth-telling Jan, had at length quietly told his mother that there was nothing the matter with her but "vexing and temper." Lady Verner went into hysterics at Jan's unfilial conduct; but, certain it was, from that very time she began to amend. July came in, and Lionel was permitted to fix the day for his departure.

Lionel was walking down Clay Lane. It was a short cut to a friend's house over the hills, rising there, some three or four miles distant. Not a very suitable day for a walk. Had Lionel been training for a light jockey, without any superfluous weight, he might have dispensed with extra covering in his exercise, and done as effectually without it.—A hotter day never was known in our climate—a more intensely burning sun never rode in the heavens. It blazed down with a force that was almost unbearable, scorching and withering all within its radius. Lionel looked up at it; it seemed to blister his face and dazzle his eyes; and his resolution wavered as he thought of the walk before him.

"I have a great mind not to go," said he, mentally. "They can set up their targets without me. I shall be half dead by the time I get there."

Nevertheless, in the indecision, he still walked on. He thought he'd see how affairs looked when he came to the green fields. Green! brown, rather.

But Lionel found other affairs to look at before he got to the fields. On turning a sharp angle of Clay Lane, he was surprised to see a crowd collected, stretching from one side of it to the other. Not a peaceable crowd, evidently, although it was composed for the most part of the gentler sex; but a crowd of threatening arms and inflamed faces, and swaying white caps and noisy tongues. The female population of Clay Lane had collected there.

Smash! went the breaking of glass in Lionel's ears as he came in view; smash! went another crash. Were Peckaby's shop windows suffering? A misgiving that it must be so, crossed the mind of Lionel, and he made few steps to the scene of warfare.

Sure enough it was nothing less. Three great holes were staring in so many panes, the splinters of glass lying inside the shop window, amongst butter and flour, and other appropriate receptacle compartments. The flour looked brown, and the butter was running away in an oily stream; but that was no reason why a shower of broken glass should be added to improve their excellencies. Mr. Peckaby, with white gills and hair raised up on end, stood the picture of tremor, gazing at the damage, but too much afraid to start out and prevent it. Those big men are sometimes physical cowards. Another pane smashed! the weapon used being a hard piece of flint coal, which just escaped short of Mr. Peckaby's head, and Lionel thought it time to interfere. He pushed into the midst of them.

They drew aside when they saw who it was. In their hot passions—hot and angry then—perhaps no one, friend or enemy, would have stood a chance of being deferred to but Lionel Verner. They had so long looked upon him as the future master of Verner's Pride, that they forgot to look upon him as anything less now. And they all liked Lionel. His appearance was as oil poured upon troubled waters.

"What is the meaning of this? What is the matter?" demanded Lionel.

"Oh, sir, why don't you interfere to protect us, now things is come to this pass? You be a Verner!" was the prayer of remonstrance that met his words from all sides.

"Give me an explanation," reiterated Lionel. "What is the grievance?"

The particular grievance of this morning, however easy to explain, was somewhat difficult to comprehend, when twenty tongues were speaking at once; and they, shrill and excited ones. In vain Lionel assured them that if one would tell it, instead of all, he should understand it sooner; that if their tone was subdued, instead of loud enough to be heard yonder at the brick fields, it might be more desirable. Excited women, suffering under what they deem a wrong, cannot be made quiet: you may as well try to put down a rising flood. Lionel resigned himself to his fate, and listened: and at this stage of the affair a new feature of it struck his eye and surprised him; scarcely one of the women but what bore in her hand some uncooked meat. Such meat! Lionel drew himself and his coat from too close proximity to it. It was of varied colors, and walking away alive. Upon plates, whole or broken, upon half saucers, upon dust pans, upon fire-shovels, held at the end of tongs hooked on to a fork, spread out in a coal-box, anyhow, so as to avoid contact with fingers, these dainty pieces were exhibited for inspection.

By what Lionel could gather, it appeared that this meat had been purchased on Saturday night at Peckaby's shop. The women had said then, one and all, that it was not good; and Mr. Peckaby had been regaled with various open conjectures, more plain than polite, as to the state of the animal which had supplied it. Independent of the quality of the meat, it was none the better, even then, for having been kept. The women scented this; but Peckaby and Peckaby's wife, who was always in the shop with her husband on a Saturday night, protested and vowed that their customers' noses were mistaken; that the meat would be perfectly good and fresh on the Sunday, and on the Monday too, if they liked to keep it so long. The women somewhat doubtfully giving ear to the assurance, knowing that the alternative was that, or none, bought the meat and took it home. On Sunday morning they found the meat was—anything you may imagine. It was neither cookable nor eatable; and their anger against Peckaby was not diminished by a certain fact which oozed out to them: namely, that Peckaby himself did not cut his Sunday's dinner off the meat in his shop, but sent to buy it of one of the Deerham butchers. The general indignation was great; the men, deprived of their Sunday's meat, joined in it; but nothing could be done until Monday morning. Peckaby's shop was always hermetically sealed on a Sunday. Mr. Verner had been stringent in allowing no Sunday traffic on the estate.

Monday came. The men went to their work as usual, leaving their wives to deal with the matter. Behold them assembled with their meat, kept for the occasion in spite of its state, before the shop of Peckaby. But of redress they could get none; Peckaby was deaf; and Lionel arrived to find hostilities commenced. Such was the summary of the story.

"You are acting very wrong," were Lionel's first words to them in answer. "You should blame the meat, not Peckaby. Is this weather for keeping meat?"

"The weather didn't get to this heat till yesterday in the afternoon," said they—and Lionel could not deny the fact. Mrs. Dawson took up the word.

"*Our* meat warn't bought at Peckaby's; our meat were got at Clark's, and it were sweet as a nut. 'Twere veal, too, and that's the worst meat for keeping. Roy 'ud kill us if he could; but he can't force us on to Peckaby's rubbish. We defy him to't."

In point of defying Roy, the Dawsons had done that long ago. There was open warfare between them, and skirmishes took place occasionally. The first act of Roy, after it was known that Lionel was disinherited, had been to discharge old Dawson and his sons from work. How they had managed to live since, was a mystery; funds did not seem to run low with them; tales of their night-poaching went about, and the sons got an odd job at legitimate work now and then.

"It's an awful shame," cried a civil, quiet woman, Sarah Grind, one of a very numerous family, commonly called "Grind's lot," "that we should be beat down to have our victuals and other things at such a place as Peckaby's! Sometimes, sir, I'm almost inclined to ask, is it Christians as rules over us?"

Lionel felt the shaft levelled at his family, though not personally at himself.

"You are not beaten down to it," he said. "Why do you deal at Peckaby's? Stay a bit? I know what you would urge; that by going elsewhere you would displease Roy. It seems to me that if you would all go elsewhere, Roy *could* not prevent it. Should one of you attempt to go, he might; but he could not prevent it if you all go with one accord. If Peckaby's things are bad—as I believe they are—why do you buy them?"

"There ain't a single thing as is good in his place," spoke up a woman, half crying. "Sir, it's truth. His flour is half bone-dust, and his 'taturs is watery, his sugar is sand, and his tea is leaves dried over again, and his eggs is rotten, and his coals is flint."

"Allowing that it is so, it is no good reason for your smashing his windows," said Lionel. "It is utterly impossible that that can be tolerated."

"Why do he palm his bad things off upon us, then?" retorted the crowd. "He makes us pay half as much again as we do in the other shops; and when we gets them home, we can't eat 'em. Sir, you be Mr. Verner now; you ought to see as we be protected."

"I am Mr. Verner; but I have no power. My power has been taken from me, as you know. Mrs. Verner is—"

"A murrain light upon her!" scowled a man from the outskirts of the crowd. "Why do she call *herself* Mrs. Verner, and stick herself up for missis at Verner's Pride, if she is to take no notice on us? Why do she leave us in the hands of Roy, to be—"

Lionel had turned upon the man like lightning.

"Davies, how dare you presume so to speak of Mrs. Verner in my presence? Mrs. Verner is not the source of your ills; you must look nearer to you, for that. Mrs. Verner is aged and ailing; she cannot get out of doors to see into your grievances."

At the moment of Lionel's turning to the man, he, Davies, had commenced to push his way towards Lionel. This caused the crowd to sway, and Lionel's hat, which he held carelessly in his hand, having taken it off to wipe his heated brow, got knocked down. Before he could rescue it, it was trampled out of shape; not intentionally—they would have protected Lionel and his things with their lives—but inadvertently. A woman picked it up with a comical look of despair. To put on *that* again, was impossible.

"Never mind," said Lionel, good-naturedly. "It was my own fault; I should have held it better."

"Put your handkercher over your head, sir," was the woman's advice. "It'll keep the sun off."

Lionel smiled, but did not take it. Davies was claiming his attention: while some of the women seemed inclined to go in for a fight, which should get the hat.

"Could Mr. Verner get out o' doors and look into our grievances, the last years of his life, any more, sir, nor she can?" he was asking, in continuation of the subject. "No, sir; he couldn't, and he didn't; but things wasn't then brought to the pitch as they be now."

"No," acquiesced Lionel. "I was at hand then, to interpose between Roy and Mr. Verner."

"And don't you think, sir, as you might be able to do the same thing still?"

"No, Davies. I have been displaced from Verner's Pride, and from all power connected with it. I have no more right to interfere with the working of the estate than you have. You must make the best of things until Mr. Massingbird's return."

"There'll be some dark deed done, then, afore many weeks is gone over, that's what there'll be!" was Davies's sullen reply. "It ain't to be stood, sir, as a man and his family is to clam, 'cause Peckaby—"

"Davies, I will hear no more on that score," interrupted Lionel. "You men should be men, and make common cause in that one point for yourselves, against Roy. You have your wages in your hand on a Saturday night, and can deal at any shop you please."

The man—he wore a battered old straw hat on his head, which looked as dirty as his face—raised his eyes with an air of surprise at Lionel.

"What wages, sir? We don't get ours."

"Not get your wages?" repeated Lionel.

"No, sir; not on a Saturday night. That's just it—it's where the new shoe's a-pinching. Roy don't pay now on a Saturday night. He gives us all a sort o' note, good for six shilling, and we has, us or our wives, to take that to Peckaby's, and get what we can for it. On the Monday, at twelve o'clock, which is his new time for paying the wages, he docks us of six shilling. *That's* his plan now: and no wonder as some of us has kicked at it, and then he have turned us off. I be one."

Lionel's brow burnt; not with the blazing sun, but with indignation. That this should happen on the lands of the Verners! Hot words rose to his lips—to the effect that Roy, as he believed, was acting against the law—but he swallowed them down ere spoken. It might not be expedient to proclaim so much to the men.

"Since when has Roy done this?" he asked. "I am surprised not to have heard it."

"This six weeks he have done it, sir, and longer nor that. It's get our things from Peckaby's, or it's not get any at all. Folks won't trust the like of us, without us goes with the money in our hands. We might have knowed there was some evil in the wind when Peckaby's took to give us trust. Mr. Verner wasn't the best of masters to us, after he let Roy get on our backs—saving your presence for saying it, sir; but you must know as it's truth—but there's things a-going on now as 'ud make him, if he knowed 'em, rise up out of his grave. Let Roy take care of hisself, that he don't get burned up some night in his bed!" significantly added the man.

"Be silent, Davies! You—"

Lionel was interrupted by a commotion. Upon turning to ascertain its cause, he found an excited crowd hastening towards the spot from the brick-fields. The news of the affray had been carried thither, and Roy, with much intemperate language and loud wrath, had set off at full speed to quell it. The laborers set off after him, probably to protect their wives. Shouting, hooting, swearing—at which pastime Roy was the loudest—on they came, in a state of fury.

But for the presence of Lionel Verner, things might have come to a crisis—if a fight could have brought a crisis on. He interposed his authority, which even Roy did not yet dispute to his face, and he succeeded in restoring peace for the time. He became responsible—I don't know whether it was quite wise of him to do so—for the cost of the broken windows, and the women were allowed to go home unmolested. The men returned to their work, and Mr. Peckaby's face regained its color. Roy was turning away, muttering to himself, when Lionel beckoned him aside with an authoritative hand.

"Roy, this must not go on. Do you understand me? It must not go on."

"What's not to go on, sir?" retorted Roy, sullenly.

"You know what I mean. This disgraceful system of affairs altogether. I believe that you would be amenable to the law in thus paying the men, or in part paying them, with an order for goods; instead of in open, honest coin. Unless I am mistaken, it borders very closely upon the tally system."

"I can take care of myself and of the law, too, sir," was the answer of Roy.

"Very good. I shall take care that this sort of oppression is lifted off the shoulders of the men. Had I known it was being pursued, I should have stopped it before."

"You have no right to interfere between me and anything now, sir."

"Roy," said Lionel, calmly, "you are perfectly well aware that the right, not only to interfere between you and the estate, but to invest me with full power over it and you, was sought to be given me by Mrs. Verner at my uncle's death. For reasons of my own I chose to decline it, and have continued to decline it. Do you remember what I once told you,—that one of my first acts of power would be to displace you? After what I have seen and heard to-day, I shall deliberate whether it be not my duty to reconsider my determination, and assume this, and all other power."

Roy's face turned green. He answered defiantly, not in tone, but in spirit:

"It wouldn't be for long, at any rate, sir; and Mr. Massingbird, I know, 'll put me into my place again on his return."

Lionel did not reply immediately. The sun was coming down upon his uncovered head like a burning furnace, and he was casting a glance round to see if any friendly shade might be at hand. In his absorption over the moment's business he had not observed that he had halted with Roy right underneath its beams. No, there was no shade just in that spot. A public pump stood behind him, but the sun was nearly vertical, and the pump got as much of it as he did. A thought glanced through Lionel's mind of resorting to the advice of the women to double his handkerchief cornerwise over his head. But he did not purpose staying above another minute with Roy, to whom he again turned.

"Don't deceive yourself, Roy. Mr. Massingbird is not likely to countenance such doings as these. That Mrs. Verner will not, I know; and, I tell you plainly, I will not. You shall pay the men's wages at the proper and usual time; you shall pay them in full, to the last half-penny that they earn. Do you hear? I order you now to do so. We will have no underhanded tally system introduced on the Verner estate."

"You'd like to ruin poor Peckaby, I suppose, sir?"

"I have nothing to do with Peckaby. If public rumor is to be credited, the business is not Peckaby's, but yours—"

"Them that says it is a pack of liars!" burst forth Roy.

"Possibly. I say I have nothing to do with that. If Peckaby—"

Lionel's voice faltered. An awful pain—a pain, the like of which for acute violence he had never felt—had struck him in the head. He put his hand up to it, and fell against the pump.

"Are you ill, sir?" asked Roy.

"What can it be?" murmured Lionel. "A sudden pain has attacked me here, Roy," touching his head: "an awful pain. I'll get into Frost's, and sit down.

Frost's cottage was but a minute's walk, but Lionel staggered as he went to it. Roy attended him. The man humbly asked if Mr. Lionel would be pleased to lean upon him, but Lionel waved him off. Matthew Frost was sitting indoors alone: his grandchildren were at school, his son's wife was busy elsewhere. Matthew no longer went out to labor. He had been almost incapable of it before Mr. Verner's annuity dropped to him. Robin was away at work: but Robin was a sadly altered man since the death of Rachel. His very nature appeared to have changed.

"My head! my head!" broke from Lionel, as he entered, in the intensity of his pain. "Matthew, I think I must have got a sun-stroke."

Old Matthew pulled off his straw hat, and lifted himself slowly out of his chair: all his movements were slow now. Lionel had sat himself down on the settle, his head clasped by both hands, and his pale face turned to fiery red: as deep a crimson as Mrs. Verner's was habitually.

"A sun-stroke?" echoed old Matthew, leaning on his stick, as he stood before him attentively regarding Lionel. "Ay, sir, for sure it looks like it. Have you been standing still in the sun, this blazing day?"

"I have been standing in it without my hat," replied Lionel. "Not for long, however."

"It don't take a minute, sir, to do the mischief. I had one myself, years before you were born, Mr. Lionel. On a day as hot as this, I was out in my garden, here, at the back of this cottage. I had gone out without my hat, and was standing over my pig, watching him eat his wash, when I felt something take my head—such a pain, sir, that I had never felt before, and never wish to feel again. I went indoors, and Robin, who might be a boy of five, or so, looked frightened at me, my face was so red. I couldn't hold my head up, sir; and when the doctor came, he said it was a sun-stroke. I think there must be particular moments and days when the sun has this power to harm us, though we don't know which they are, nor how to avoid them," added old Matthew, as much in self-soliloquy as to Lionel. "I had often been out before, without my hat, in as great heat; for longer, too; and it had never harmed me. Since then, sir, I have put a white handkerchief inside the crown of my hat in hot weather: the doctor told me to."

"How long did the pain last?" asked Lionel, feeling *his* pain growing worse with every moment. "Many hours?"

"*Hours?*" repeated old Matthew, with a strong emphasis on the word. "Mr. Lionel, it lasted for days and weeks. Before the next morning came, sir, I was in a raging fever; for three weeks, good, I was in my bed, above here, and never out of it; hardly the clothes smoothed atop of me. Sunstrokes are not frequent in this climate, sir, but when they do come, they can't be trifled with."

Perhaps Lionel felt the same conviction. Perhaps he felt that with this pain, increasing as it was in intensity, he must make the best of his way home, if he would go at all. "Good day, Matthew," he said, rising from the bench, "I'll get home at once!"

"And send for Dr. West, sir, or for Mr. Jan, if you are no better when you get there," was the parting salutation of the old man.

He stood at the door, leaning on his stick, and watched Lionel down Clay Lane. "A sun-stroke, for sure," repeated he, slowly turning in, as the angle of the lane hid Lionel from his view.

CHAPTER XVI.

DAYS AND NIGHTS OF PAIN.

In his darkened chamber at Deerham Court, lay Lionel Verner. Whether it was a sunstroke, or whether it was but the commencement of a fever which had suddenly struck him down that day, certain it was, that a violent illness attacked him, and he lay for many, many days—days and weeks as old Frost had called it—between life and death. Fever and delirium struggled with life, which should get the mastery.

Very little doubt, was there that his state of mind increased the danger of his state of body. How bravely Lionel had struggled to do battle with his great pain, he might scarcely have known himself, in all its full intensity, save for this illness. He had loved Sibylla with the pure fervor of feelings young and fresh. He could have loved her to the end of life; he could have died for her. No leaven was mixed with his love; no base dross; it was refined as the purest silver. It is only these exalted, ideal passions, which partake more of Heaven's nature than of earth's, that *tell* upon the heart when their end comes. Terribly had it told upon Lionel Verner's. In one hour he had learnt that Sibylla was false to him, was about to become the wife of another. In his sensitive reticence, in his shrinking pride, he had put a smiling face upon it before the world. He had watched her marry Frederick Massingbird, and had "made no sign." Deep, deep in his heart, fifty fathom deep, had he pressed down his misery, passing his days in what may be called a false atmosphere—showing a false side to his friends. It seemed false to Lionel, the appearing what he was not. He was his true self at night only, when he could turn, and toss, and groan out his trouble at will. But, when illness attacked him, and he had no strength of body to throw off his pain of mind, then he found how completely the blow had shattered him. It seemed to Lionel, in his sane moments, in the intervals of his delirium, that it would be far happier to die, than to wake up again to renewed life, to bear about within him that ever-present sorrow. Whether the fever—it was not brain fever, though bordering closely upon it—was the result of his state of mind, more than of the sun-stroke, might be a question. Nobody knew anything of that state of mind, and the sun-stroke got all the blame—save, perhaps, from Lionel himself. He may have doubted.

One day Jan called in to see him. It was in August. Several weeks had elapsed since the commencement of his illness, and he was so far recovered as to be removed by day to a sitting-room on a level with his chamber. A wondrously pretty sitting-room over Lady Verner's drawing-room, but not so large as that, and called "Miss Decima's room." The walls were panelled in medallions, white and delicate blue, the curtains were of blue satin and lace, the furniture blue. In each medallion hung an exquisite painting in water colors, framed—Decima's doing. Lady Verner was one who liked at times to be alone, and then Decima would sit in this room, and feel more at home than in any room in the house. When Lionel began to recover, the room was given over to him. Here he lay on the sofa; or lounged in an easy-chair; or stood at the window, his hands clasping hold of some support, and his legs as tottering as were poor old Matthew Frost's. Sometimes Lady Verner would be his companion, sometimes he would be consigned to Decima and Lucy Tempest. Lucy was pleased to take her share of helping the time to pass; would read to him, or talk to him; or sit down on her low stool on the hearthrug and only look at him, waiting until he should want something done. Dangerous moments, Miss Lucy! Unless your heart shall be cased in adamant, you can scarcely be with that attractive man—ten times more attractive now, in his sickness—and not get your wings singed.

Jan came in one day when Lionel was sitting on the sofa, having propped the cushion up at the back of his head. Decima was winding some silk, and Lucy was holding the skein for her. Lucy wore a summer dress of white muslin, a blue sprig raised upon it in tambour-stitch, with blue and white ribbons at its waist and neck. Very pretty, very simple it looked, but wonderfully according with Lucy Tempest. Jan looked round, saw a tolerably strong table, and took up his seat upon it."

"How d'ye get on, Lionel?" asked he.

It was Dr. West who attended Lionel, and Jan was tenacious of interfering with the doctor's proper patients—or, rather, the doctor was tenacious of his doing it—therefore Jan's visits were entirely unprofessional.

"I don't get on at all—as it seems to me," replied Lionel. "I'm sure I am weaker than I was a week ago."

"I daresay," said Jan.

"You daresay!" echoed Lionel. "When a man has turned the point of an illness, he expects to get stronger, instead of weaker."

"That depends," said Jan. "I beg your pardon, Miss Lucy; that's my foot caught in your dress, isn't it?"

Lucy turned to disentangle her dress from Jan's great feet.

"You should not sway your feet about so, Jan," said she pleasantly.

"It hasn't hurt it, has it?" asked Jan.

"Oh, no. Is there another skein to hold, Decima?"

Decima replied in the negative. She rose, put the paper of silk upon the table, and then turned to Jan.

"I and mamma had quite a contention yesterday," she said to him. "I say that Lionel is not being treated properly."

"That's just my opinion," laconically replied Jan. "Only West flares up so, if his treatment is called in question. I'd get him well in half the time."

Lionel wearily changed his position on the sofa. The getting well, or the keeping ill, did not appear to interest him greatly.

"Let's look at his medicine, Decima," continued Jan. "I have not seen what has come round lately."

Decima left the room and brought back a bottle with some medicine in it.

"There's only one dose left," she remarked to Jan.

Jan took the cork out and smelt it; then he tasted it, apparently with great gusto, like anybody else might taste port wine; while Lucy watched him, drawing her lips away from her pretty teeth in distaste at the proceeding.

"Pah!" cried Jan.

"Is it not proper medicine for him?" asked Decima.

"It's as innocent as water," said Jan. "It'll do him neither good nor harm."

And finally Jan poured the lot down his own throat.

Lucy shuddered.

"Oh, Jan, how could you take it?"

"It won't hurt me," said literal Jan.

"But it must be so nasty! I never could have believed any one would willingly drink medicine. It is bad enough to do it when compelled by sickness."

"Law!" returned Jan. "If you call this nasty, Miss Lucy, you should taste some of our physic. The smell would about knock you down."

"I think nothing is worse than the smell of drugs," resumed Lucy. "The other day, when Lady Verner called in at your surgery to speak to you, and took me with her, I was glad to get into the open air again."

"Don't you ever marry a doctor, then, Miss Lucy."

"I am not going to marry one," returned Lucy.

"Well, you need not look so fierce," cried Jan. "I didn't ask you."

Lucy laughed.

"Did I look fierce, Jan? I suppose I was thinking of the drugs. I'd never be a surgeon, of all things in the world."

"If everybody was of your mind, Miss Lucy, how would people get doctored?"

"Very true," answered Lucy. "But I don't envy them."

"The doctors or the people," asked Jan.

"I meant the doctors. But I envy the patients less," glancing involuntarily towards Lionel as she spoke.

Jan glanced at him, too.

"Lionel, I'll bring you round some better stuff than this," said he. "What are you eating?"

"Nothing," put in Decima. "Dr. West keeps him upon arrow root and beef tea, and such things."

"Slops," said Jan, contemptuously. "Have a fowl cooked every day, Lionel, and eat it all if you like, bones and all: or a mutton-chop or two; or some good eels. And have the window open and sit at it; don't lounge on that sofa, fancying you can't leave it; and to-morrow or the next day borrow Mrs. Verner's carriage—"

"No, thank you," interposed Lionel.

"Have a fly, then," composedly went on Jan. "Rouse yourself, and eat and drink, and go into the air, and you'll soon be as well as I am. It's the stewing and fretting in-doors, fancying themselves ill, that keeps folks back."

Something like a sickly smile crossed Lionel's wan lips.

"Do you remember how you offended your mother, Jan, by telling her she only wanted to rouse herself?"

"Well," said Jan, "it was the truth. West keeps his patients dilly-dallying on, when he might have them well in no time. If he says anything about them to me, I always tell them so; otherwise I don't interfere: it's no business of mine. But you are my brother, you know."

"Don't quarrel with West on my account, Jan. Only settle it amicably between you, what I am to do, and what I am to take. I don't care."

"Quarrel!" said Jan. "You never knew me to quarrel in your life. West can come and see you as usual, and charge you, if you please; and you can just pour his physic down the sink. I'll send you some bark: but it's not of much consequence whether you take it or not; it's good kitchen physic you want now. Is there anything on your mind that's keeping you back?" added plain Jan.

A streak of scarlet rose to Lionel's white cheek.

"Anything on my mind, Jan? I do not understand you."

"Look here," said Jan. "If there is nothing, you ought to be better than this by now, in spite of old West. Well, what you have got to do is to rouse yourself, and believe you are well, instead of lying by here. My mother was angry with me for telling her that, but didn't she get well all one way after it. And look at the poor. They have their illness that bring 'em down to skeletons; but when did you ever find them lie by, after they got better? They can't; they are obliged to go out and turn to at work again; and the consequence is they are well in no time. You have your fowl to-day," continued Jan, taking himself off the table to depart; "or a duck, if you fancy it's more savory; and if West comes in while you are eating it, tell him I ordered it. He can't grumble at me for doctoring *you*."

Decima left the room with Jan. Lucy Tempest went to the window, threw it open, drew an easy chair with its cushions near to it, and then returned to the sofa.

"Will you come to the window?" said she to Lionel. "Jan said you were to, and I have put your chair ready."

Lionel unclosed his eyelids.

"I am better here, child, thank you."

"But you heard what Jan said—that you were not going the right way to get well."

"It does not much matter, Lucy, whether I get well, or whether I don't," he answered, wearily.

Lucy sat down; not on her favorite stool, but on a low chair, and fixed her eyes upon him gravely.

"Do you know what Mr. Cust would say to that?" she asked. "He would tell you that you were ungrateful to God. You are already half way towards getting well."

"I know, Lucy. But I am nearly tired of life."

"It is only the very old who say that, or ought to say it. I am not sure that they *ought*—even if they were a hundred. But you are young. Stay! I will find it for you."

He was searching about for his handkerchief. Lucy found it, fallen on the floor at the back of the sofa. She brought it round to him, and he gently laid hold of her hand as he took it.

"My little friend, you have yet to learn that *things*, not years, tire us of life."

Lucy shook her head.

"No; I have not to learn it. I know it must be so. Will you *please* to come to the window?"

Lionel, partly because his tormentor—(may the word be used? he was sick, bodily and mentally, and would have lain still for ever)—was a young lady, partly to avoid the trouble of persisting in "No," rose, and took his seat in the arm-chair.

"What an obstinate nurse you would make, Lucy! Is there anything else, pray, that you wish me to do?"

She did not smile in response to his smile; she looked very grave and serious.

"I would do all that Jan says, were I you," was her answer. "I believe in Jan. He will get you well sooner than Dr. West."

"Believe in Jan?" repeated Lionel, willing to be gay if he could. "Do you mean that Jan is Jan?"

"I meant that I have faith in Jan. I have none in Dr. West."

"In his medical skill? Let me tell you, Lucy, he is a very clever man, in spite of what Jan may say."

"I can't tell anything about his skill. Until Jan spoke now I did not know but he was treating you rightly. But I have no faith in himself. I think a good, true, faithful-natured man should be depended on for cure, more certainly than one who is false-natured."

"False-natured!" echoed Lionel. "Lucy, you should not so speak of Dr. West. You know nothing wrong of Dr. West. He is much esteemed among us at Deerham."

"Of course I know nothing wrong of him," returned Lucy with some slight surprise. "But when I look at people I always seem to know what they are. I am sorry to have said so much. I—I think I forgot it was to you that I spoke."

"Forget!" exclaimed Lionel. "Forget what?"

She had hesitated at the last sentence, and she now blushed vividly.

"I forgot for the moment that he was Sibylla's father," she simply said.

Again the scarlet rose in the face of Lionel. Lucy stood against the window-frame but a few paces from him, her large soft eyes, in their earnest sympathy, lifted to his. He positively shrunk from them.

"What's Sibylla to me?" he asked. "She is Mrs. Frederick Massingbird."

Lucy stood in penitence.

"Do not be angry with me," she timidly cried. "I ought not to have said it to you, perhaps. I see it always."

"See what, Lucy?" he continued, speaking gently, not in anger.

"I see how much you think of her, and how ill it makes you. When Jan asked just now if you had anything on your mind to keep you back, I knew what it was."

Lionel grew hot and cold with a sudden fear.

"Did I say anything in my delirium?"

"Nothing at all—that I heard of. I was not with you. I do not think anybody suspects that you are ill because—because of *her*."

"Ill because of her!" he sharply repeated; the words breaking from him in his agony, in his shrinking dread at finding so much suspected. "I am ill from fever. What else should I be ill from?"

Lucy went close to his chair, and stood before him meekly.

"I am so sorry," she whispered. "I cannot help seeing things, but I did not mean to make you angry."

He rose, steadying himself by the table, and laid his hand upon her head, with the same fond motion that a father might have used.

"Lucy, I am not angry. Only vexed at being watched so closely," he concluded, his lips parting with a faint smile.

In her earnest, truthful, serious face of concern, as it was turned up to him, he read how futile it would be to persist in his denial.

"I did not watch you for the purpose of watching. I saw how it was, without being able to help myself."

Lionel bent his head.

"Let the secret remain between us, Lucy. Never suffer a hint of it to escape your lips."

Nothing answered him save the glad expression that beamed out from her countenance, telling him how implicitly he might trust to her. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Books of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, Number **108** Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

THE REBEL STRENGTH.

The Richmond Whig of August 12th contains the following article relative to "the fighting force of the Confederate States":—

A writer in the Mobile Register furnishes *data* from which a tolerably correct idea may be obtained of the fighting force of the Confederate States. His figures are derived from the United States census tables of 1840 and '50, and upon the assumption that the ratio of increase from 1850 to 1860 is as great as that from 1840 to 1850.

The census tables show that in 1850 the slave states (14) had a white male population between the ages of fifteen and fifty, as follows, in round numbers:

Maryland had,	100,000	Louisiana,	90,000
Virginia,	310,000	Texas,	40,000
North Carolina,	125,000	Arkansas,	40,000
South Carolina,	65,000	Tennessee,	170,000
Georgia,	120,000	Kentucky,	160,000
Florida,	10,000	Missouri,	150,000
Alabama,	100,000		
Mississippi,	70,000		1,470,000

If these states increased as rapidly between 1850 and 1860 as they did between 1840 and 1850, they have a white male population, between the ages of 15 and 50, as follows:

Maryland has	130,000	Louisiana,	145,000
Virginia,	260,000	Texas,	80,000
North Carolina,	145,000	Arkansas,	70,000
South Carolina,	70,000	Tennessee,	300,000
Georgia,	150,000	Kentucky,	280,000
Florida,	20,000	Missouri,	280,000
Alabama,	130,000		
Mississippi,	130,000		2,030,000

Assuming the census tables to be correct, we now have, in the fourteen States, upwards of two millions of white males, between the ages of 15 and 50, and it is idle to talk about conquering them. They are not shopkeepers, sailors, factory men, button-makers, &c., turned loose upon the world, and forced to enlist from want; but they are used to handling the shot-gun and rifle from the age of twelve.

Grant, however, that this estimate is extravagant. Let us suppose that the ages of 18 and 40 should govern as the limit. Still this would not reduce us to despair; for, by no rule of calculation, could our fighting forces be reduced to one million of men.

This force can be kept in the field as long as the North may assail us, and it will not interfere with our producing or agricultural population. When the present crops are gathered, the South will not again feel any want of food for man or horse. Insubordination among her black population, upon which the North counted so largely, does not exist; our slaves can be safely trusted to the management of the boys under eighteen and the old men, and abundant crops be thus secured while our fighting men are in the field.

Not so with the North. Whenever she puts anything like her military strength in the field she weakens her power to feed her people; and though her white population, in 1860, was 18,000,000, against 8,700,000 whites of the South, and though she ought, therefore, to be able to send out two soldiers where we can send one, yet we question much if she can send out her one million as readily as the South can.

The prolongation of this struggle will develope more of the resources of the South than of the North.

It is always the height of folly to underestimate either the power or the wisdom of an enemy. Let us look a little, however, into the above calculation.

In the first place, admitting for the argument's sake the correctness of the figures, it is evident that to count in the forces of the rebels, almost the whole white male population of Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, is to commit an absurdity of a very glaring character. Only the most stringent kind of a conscription act is able to bring the whole military population of any state into the field, and the rebels have no such control of either of the five states mentioned as will enable them to institute such a conscription. Now the white male population of these five states is set down as 1,090,000 men, which number being deducted from the total of 2,030,000, leaves only 940,000 men!

Granting that the rebels have raised 100,000 volunteers in the five states alluded to, it is as much probably as they ever will be able to do, unless they can succeed in driving out the Union forces. While, if the latter succeed in occupying those states completely, the rebels will get no new recruits from them, and ultimately lose what they already have.

Now as to the 940,000 males in the principal rebel states between the ages of 15 and 50, it is all folly to suppose that they can all be brought into the field at any one time. Even rebels require clothing and many other articles as well as food, and somebody must be left at home to make clothing and attend to the distribution of commodities, and perform the various other necessary duties of life. If clothing, arms, and all the munitions of war are not made by the people of a country, they must be bought—and the rebel states have not the money to buy, and are fast exhausting their credit. No nation can put all its able-bodied men into the field, even exclusive of those engaged in agriculture, without a speedy prospect of bankruptcy—especially if it has no market for its agricultural productions.

Besides, allowance must be made for the large proportion of men between 15 and 50 who are not able bodied—and who, if forced in spite of their infirmities into an army, do it more harm than good, being burdens instead of helps.

The Richmond editor seems to see this, and to be inclined to admit that the Mobile estimate is "extravagant"—but he still claims that by no rule of calculation can the rebel fighting force be reduced to one million of men.

We adhere, however, to the view heretofore advanced by us, and do not believe it *possible* for the rebels to put in the field over 700,000 white men, nor probable that they can ever raise and keep there over 500,000.

And even 500,000 men who have to be paid wages, and found in food, clothing, and all the munitions of war, would soon become such a burden as no country whose principal business—that of raising and selling cotton—is cut off, could long endure. These armies of half-a-million and a million of men are difficult to raise in the first place, and still more difficult to support after they are raised.

THE DRAFT.

The following important army orders have been issued:—

4th. The draft for 300,000 militia, called for by the President, will be made on Monday, the 1st day of September, (said to have been since altered to Wednesday, the 3rd,) between the hours of 8 and 9 o'clock A. M., and 4 and 5 o'clock P. M., and continuing from day to day between the same hours until completed.

5th. If the old regiments should not be filled up by volunteers before the 1st day of September, a special draft will be ordered for the deficiency.

8th. That in filling all requisitions for militia, the quotas of the several states will be apportioned by the Governors among the several counties, and, where practicable, among the subdivisions of counties, so that allowances shall be made to such counties and subdivisions for all volunteers theretofore furnished by them and mustered into the service of the United States and whose stipulated form of service shall not have expired.

If we do not misunderstand the last of the above orders, each district is to have due allowance made for all excess of volunteers above its proper quota, *since the beginning of the war*—with the single exception of the first quota of three months' men, whose term long since expired.

This arrangement, it seems to us, is not only perfectly fair, but merely simple justice to those districts which have been already drained of a large portion of their able-bodied men by the previous calls for volunteers. The willing horse should never be driven to death.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The "Conservative" party have beaten the "Democratic" in the recent election in North Carolina by about 25,000 majority, and a "Conservative" legislature has been elected. The candidate of the Conservatives for Governor was Col. Z. B. Vance, now in command of the 26th N. C. regiment, in service near Richmond.

This is alleged to be a triumph of those who are really in favor of a restoration of the Union. We confess it looks something like it—and yet we do not think undue importance ought to be attached to it. It is undoubtedly, however, a defeat of the ultra secession party in that state. The Raleigh Register denounced Vance as being "in the rebel army only for effect," and styled his friends "Lincolnites," "Unionists," &c.; and the Register also lamented an "unfortunate belief among the soldiers that the election of Vance would bring peace." Apropos to this, it is said that Vance got a large majority of the votes of the North Carolina regiments, his own, the 26th, voting for him in a solid body; which would seem to favor the implication that the soldiers from that state are really tired of the war.

If the rebel forces can be driven below the southern line of North Carolina, we shall probably be able to tell very soon whether the Unionism of North Carolina is much to be depended upon.

CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

The Richmond papers claim this battle as a victory, and say they took a number of prisoners, including Gen. Prince and thirty-four officers commissioned and non-commissioned. It is probable that coming upon Banks in superior force, they had the advantage during the early part of the contest. But when Gen. Pope brought up reinforcements they fell back, and had to ask permission to bury their dead—while in a day or two, they thought it wisest to retreat behind the Rapidan. One of the Richmond papers says:—

The officers from Gen Pope's command are kept in solitary confinement, in conformity with instructions, and the rule, as enforced, will not be departed from under any consideration whatever.

About three hundred prisoners have arrived at the Libby prison from Pope's army. The inhabitants of the island now number about 8,700 souls, including those that have arrived within a day or two from Lynchburg and Salisbury, N. C.

An officer who accompanied to this city the soldiers of Pope's command who were captured in the skirmish on Friday, says that he inquired of one of the Yankee officers of the party, whether he had read the proclamation of President Davis and the order of the Adjutant General with reference to the treatment they were to receive. They promptly replied that *their business was to obey orders, and not read the proclamation of Jeff. Davis.*

We think that answer of the Union officers could not be improved upon.

We perceive that the number of our forces engaged in the Cedar Mountain battle is given as 7,000. The statement of the killed and wounded, published at the same time, however, gives the losses as occurring in about *forty* regiments. Probably this last list included the reinforcements, while 7,000 was the number originally engaged. Jackson's force is set down as from 20,000 to 40,000.

The rebel papers always give the same reason for their reverses as we do for ours—*great inferiority of numbers.* While claiming their ability to put one million of men in the field, to believe them they are always the weaker party in the actual contest.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

The Hong Kong Trade Report of June 10th, in giving an account of the reverses suffered by the English and French troops in China at the hands of the insurrectionary Taipings, bears its unwilling testimony to the manner in which the allied troops are waging war. It says:—

Since the death of Admiral Protet *the French troops have been behaving like fiends, killing indiscriminately men, women and children. Truth demands the confession that British sailors have likewise been guilty of the commission of similar revolting barbarities,* not only on the Taipings, *but upon the inoffensive helpless country people.*

It is a most singular circumstance, but no less strange than true, that the Taipings *have never yet committed an act of retaliation upon any European who may have fallen into their hands.* It is undoubtedly true that a boat, manned partly by British sailors and partly by Sepoys, which was taking supplies to Kahding, was captured by the Taipings. The Sepoys were all killed, but eleven sailors were either released or allowed to escape, and reached Shanghai safely.

What a commentary upon the articles in various English and French papers deprecating the manner in which the war in the United States is carried on! "Men, women and children killed indiscriminately"—and for what? For nothing else than to enable English and French merchants to make money. Lord Palmerston, in his recent reply to Mr. Cobden, in the House of Commons, almost says in as many words that such is their reason for aiding the Imperialists. They embark in a cruel war to aid and extend their trade—thus shedding innocent blood for gold and silver! What a reason for war, to be given by a professedly Christian people!

NEW PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

There seems to be little doubt now that the Peninsula campaign has been abandoned—and that a large portion of Gen. McClellan's army is already on the way to co-operate with Gen. Pope's command.

The evacuation of the peninsula in the face of a powerful enemy is a movement attended with no slight degree of danger—but we hope, without absolutely knowing it to be the case, that it has been successfully performed.

Whether the armies under Gen. McClellan and Gen. Pope are to be united under the leadership of either of these generals—or whether they are to act as two distinct corps—we are unable to say.

The rebel line of defence at present seems to be about the same which they occupied immediately after the evacuation of Manassas in the spring, their front on the Rapidan, and their main body resting at Gordonsville.

OBJECT TEACHING.

Dr. Wilbur, superintendent of the N. Y. Asylum for Idiots in Syracuse, at the recent Rochester meeting of the New York State Teachers' Association, is reported to have spoken as follows:—

"In referring to object teaching, Dr. Wilbur took exceptions to the system, which he regarded as a dry, misshapen production of English soil, and did not represent the highest educational interests of England. There is an effort making to foist this fallacious system of education upon the American people. He expressed the hope that it would not succeed. Dr. W. quoted from Mrs. Mayo's book on object teaching, and ridiculed its definition of words, and cited an example in the definition of the word 'mace.' He accepted the invitation of the committee for the purpose of calling attention to his own experience in a field comparatively new, and also to give his views and opinion upon this new system of object teaching, which failed 80 years ago and will fail now."

BATON ROUGE.

We have accounts from rebel sources of the taking of Baton Rouge and other accounts from the same sources that Breckinridge was repulsed in his attack on that place, and the Arkansas blown up. We will have to wait probably for advices from New Orleans before we get the truth of the matter.

BUTLER AND PHELPS.

Gen. Phelps recently organized near New Orleans five companies of negroes, and called upon Gen. Butler for arms and equipments. Gen. Butler refused, and ordered the negroes to be employed in cutting down certain woods. Gen. Phelps sent in his resignation, and asked leave of absence. Gen. Butler refused both, and demanded that his orders should be complied with.

Gen. Butler has sent the whole correspondence home, and asks for further instructions. He further says:

An insurrection broke out amongst the negroes a few miles up the river, which caused the women of that neighborhood to apply to an armed boat belonging to us, passing down, for aid, and the incipient revolt was stopped by informing the negroes that we should repel an attack by them upon women and children.

All is for the determination of the Department, to which I shall give the fullest obedience.

We think the ground taken by Gen. Butler, that the President alone is authorized to inaugurate such an important policy as that of arming the negroes, is strictly correct. At the same time, Gen. Phelps probably thought he might be allowed to do what Gen. Hunter had done. Gen. Hunter, however, it will be seen, has disbanded his negro regiment, probably under direct instructions from the War Department. We judge from this and other indications, that the President has at last adopted a policy upon this subject—and that while the negroes are to be employed as laborers in the army, they are *in no case* to be organized and armed.

EARL RUSSELL'S ANSWER.—In reply to certain complaints of the Liverpool shipowners, in reference to the interference of the United States cruisers with the contraband trade through the Bahamas, the English Minister, Earl Russell, said that "the true remedy would be that the merchants and shipowners of Liverpool should refrain from this species of trade." We are pleased to be able to record so sensible and friendly an answer.

THE TWO GREAT MONITORS.

Captain Ericsson has made a contract with the Government to construct two large iron-plated ships, which he believes will be the fastest and best sea boats, the most completely invulnerable, and the most formidable for attack, either at long range, or in close quarters, as rams, of any ships in the world.

They will bear a general resemblance to the Monitor, with such modifications as have been suggested by experience. One of them is to be 320 feet in length, and the other 341, with 50 feet beam. The vertical sides are six feet in depth, and are to be protected with iron armor plating 10½ inches in thickness, backed with four feet solid oak.

The turrets are to be absolutely invulnerable. The contract provides that they shall be two feet in thickness, but the contractor has leave to reduce the thickness, provided he can satisfy the Department that less will be sufficient. A target has been constructed of thickness less than two feet, and forwarded to Washington for trial, but Captain Dahlgren, who has been sending his 11-inch balls through a target like the side of the Warrior, with 30 lbs. of powder—making a clean hole at every shot—says that there is no use of firing at this target of Ericsson's, until the 15-inch guns are finished. The turrets will be made of sufficient thickness to withstand the force of the 425-pounders with the maximum charges of the big guns.

The vessels are to be furnished with more powerful engines than any now afloat. Each ship will have two engines of 100 inches diameter of cylinder, with four feet stroke, to make 70 revolutions per minute, with boiler surface of 35,000 feet, and 1,180 feet of grate surface. The boilers are of the upright water tubular pattern—a modification of Martin's. The propellers are Ericsson's patent, 21½ feet in diameter, and 30 feet pitch. The contractors guarantee a speed of 16 knots per hour—nearly nineteen miles.

The armament will consist of 15 inch guns, and will probably equal in destructive power that of any French or English ship. It is, however, as rams that these vessels will be the most formidable. Where the plates of the sides meet at the bow they form an iron wedge, 21 inches thick at the base, and terminating in a sharp edge. This wedge is sustained by the plates behind it, 10½ inches in thickness, six feet in depth, and extending the whole length of the vessel, forming the most powerful butting instrument that it is possible to conceive of. Captain Ericsson says, "It will split an iceberg."—*Scientific American.*

FROM YANKEE NOTIONS.

Satan's address to the fallen angels.—*Nicks come orouse.*

Wanted for our shot-proof vessels, a few "men of iron frame."

Question for doctors of divinity.—When St. Luke was full of holy zeal, was he lukewarm?

Congenial fare for lovers.—Turtle steaks.

A young lady on being asked what calling she wished her sweetheart to follow, blushingly replied that she wished him to be a husbandman.

The fat of the land.—Coal oil.

The principal *role* of many of our statesmen.—Rigma-role.

☞ Elizabeth Webster has been arrested at Boston, for attempting to burn the house of George Copeland because he had refused to marry her. If *she* couldn't live in his house, nobody should!

☞ An Indian chief once said as wise a thing as any philosopher. A white man having remarked that he had not time enough to do something, the Indian replied: "Well, I suppose you have all the time there is."

☞ A man is like an egg; kept in hot water a while, he may boil soft—too long, and he gets hard.

NEWS ITEMS.

DRAFTING is to begin in this state on the 3rd of September. Four Pennsylvania regiments have left Harrisburg for Washington.

NEW YORK has sent her first regiment under the new call, the 107th, to Washington, by way of Pittsburg.

BY the first of September it is safe to say that a hundred thousand men of the first call for volunteers will be in the field; but it must not be forgotten that the rebels are pressing conscripts into their service, and that at a very rapid rate.

A UNION soldier was found dead in the woods, after the battle of Cedar Mountain, his musket-barrel grasped in both hands (the stock having been broken off,) and eleven dead rebels lying around him, some with their heads smashed and others bruised in various ways—all the dead showing with what desperation the Union hero had fought, but without avail. His body was pierced with three balls.

MAYOR SLAUGHTER, of Fredericksburg, and fourteen citizens of that town, have been brought to Washington under guard, and incarcerated in the old Capitol prison. They are charged with secretly aiding and abetting the enemy, and giving them information of the movements of our army.

A VICKSBURG letter says that the streets are beginning to assume their former lively appearance. Refugees are returning and opening the places of business. All the damages to the city from the Federal shells will be repaired within a month.

THE REBELS, AS USUAL, APPRISED IN ADVANCE.—The following dispatch appears in the Charleston Courier of Aug. 1st. RICHMOND, July 30.—The opinion gains ground here that General McClellan is gradually evacuating his position at Berkeley, and is reinforcing Gen. Pope with the bulk of his army. The number of Yankee transports in the James River is immense, and great activity is observable among them.

ARREST.—Dr. Edson B. Olds, of Ohio, has been arrested. The warrant was signed by C. P. Wolcott, Assistant Secretary of War, and stated the cause to be disloyalty, using treasonable language and interfering with enlistments. The arrest was made at 10 P. M., Dr. Olds being in bed at the time. Resistance was offered, and the chamber-door had to be broken open. A crowd was raised by the cry of "fire," and some threats were made of rescue, but none attempted. Olds was taken to Fort Lafayette.

THE London Times editorially argues that if England wishes to give the Federals a new impulse, she has but to take some step which can be represented as interference, and President Lincoln will soon get his 300,000 men, and the chances of peace will be indefinitely postponed.

THE Queen, in her speech proroguing Parliament, says:—"The civil war which for some time has been raging in America has unfortunately continued in unabated intensity, and the evils with which it has been attended have not been confined to the American continent; but her Majesty having, from the outset, determined to take no part in the contest, has seen no reason to depart from the neutrality which she has steadily adhered to."

ITALY.—Garibaldi has issued a proclamation urging the young men to arms in spirited terms. Victor Emmanuel has issued a counter-proclamation denouncing revolutionary schemes, and threatening the rigor of the law on those who disobeyed. He declared that he himself would move in the matter of Rome at the fitting time. These events attracted great attention towards Italy. The English journals generally regret Garibaldi's course.

THE Monticello (Florida) Friend says that a "flaming sword" in the sky was seen at Grooversville, Ga., about 4 o'clock P. M. on the 23d ult. It was a perfect representation of a sword—handle, blade, and point all visible. The blade was red and the handle silver color. The blade pointed to the northeast, and the handle to the southwest. It was high up in the heavens, about twenty feet long and two feet broad. Soon after it was witnessed, a wind sprung up, heavy clouds appeared and screened it from view.

THE loss of the Ohio regiments in General Pope's army, in the battle near Culpepper, was 414 in killed, wounded and missing. The 7th Ohio, which suffered most severely had 35 killed and 141 wounded.

IT is understood that Gen. Beauregard has left Eufala Springs, Alabama, where he spent a couple of weeks to recruit his strength, impaired by his late campaign at Corinth. The general has returned to his quarters, and resumed the command of the army of the West.

CORRESPONDENCE is desired with colored men favorable to Central America, Liberian or Haytien emigration, especially the first named, as the President has announced the intention to aid such as desire to found a settlement of Anglo-Africans. Communications upon the subject should be addressed to the Rev. James Mitchell, Agent of Emigration at Washington.

GENERAL BENHAM has been ordered to report to chief of the corps of Engineers, of which he is a Major. This may be regarded as the official judgment on his South Carolina performance. Several other officers have been recently dismissed. Col. Turchin, it now appears, was cleared, not convicted, by the court-martial in his case.

GEN. Daniel S. Boswell, of Corinth, Miss., whose county, Tishamingo, gave one thousand eight hundred majority for the Union when the secession ordinance was submitted to the people, and who was expatriated for his loyalty to the Union by Jeff. Davis, has been authorized by the War Department to raise a volunteer brigade of infantry in Mississippi.

THE success in cultivating cotton and tobacco in Southern Illinois, says the Cleveland Herald, this season, equals anticipation. The cotton fields look well, and some estimate the crop as high as 25,000 bales. It would have been much larger than that even, could seed have been procured at the planting season. The cotton lands of Southern Illinois are not much behind those of Mississippi or Tennessee, and should the crop turn out well this fall, it is thought the crop of 1863 may come up to 100,000 bales.

THE THREE MONITORS ON THE WESTERN RIVERS.—Three powerful and impregnable iron-clad gunboats, named respectively the Chillicothe, Indianola and Tuscumbia, are now building and nearly completed, the two former at Cincinnati, and the latter at New Albany, Indiana. The three boats named are of the Monitor order; that is, their armaments are carried in turrets, impregnably encased in iron, while every part of the hulls, in any manner exposed to shot, are guarded with heavy iron plates several feet below the water line.

THE Curculio has attacked the roots of many of the elm trees in the city of Baltimore, and entirely destroyed them. None of the other varieties of trees are affected in the same way.

EX-MAYOR BOONE, of Chicago, has been arrested, charged with furnishing aid and comfort to the rebel prisoners at Camp Douglas. He has a son in the United States army.

THE Plymouth (Mass.) Memorial reports that in a recent thunder shower a lady, while sitting at a window of a house upon Watson's Hill, had a gold guard chain about her neck twisted up so that it nearly choked her, and the ring that held it to the watch completely straightened out.

THE WASHINGTONIA GIGANTEA.

The late extraordinary rain-storms in California, though causing damage through the state to an estimated amount of at least thirty millions of dollars, or ten per cent. on a valuation of three hundred millions of dollars, will yet be most widely known for their effect in prostrating the mightiest tree of its most gigantic grove—the "Hercules" of the Californian forest. As the growth was unequalled in size and age, and as the fame of the California mammoths is world wide, so widely will be the regret occasioned by the downfall of the mightiest of the mighty. The fallen giant was about 350 feet high—some thirty feet higher than Trinity steeple—about ninety feet in circumference—with an age reaching back to the days of the Patriarchs.

This monster of the forest was named "Hercules." Some one suggested that it might also be styled "The Leaning Tower," from the peculiarity which probably caused the catastrophe. Its leaning was about ten degrees; and the leverage thus occasioned proved fatal. The long continued rains—unprecedented in copiousness as well as in duration—so softened the soil around the roots, that the last December deluge prostrated the forest monarch which had braved the storms of nearly three thousand years.

Reducing the thing to "board measure," the magnitude of the tree may be appreciated from a lumberman's view of its paying qualities—as it would make about seven hundred and thirty thousand (730,000) feet of boards—enough for a good-sized Mississippi raft, or a cargo for a first rate clipper ship.

In his letters from California, Mr. Greeley at first expressed an opinion that these mammoth trees furnished no means for propagating successors, but added a note in his book of travels concerning the reported growth from seeds alleged to have been obtained from the mammoth groves.

We have seen many of the young trees raised from these seeds at one of the Rochester nurseries—the growth being now about five years. The seeds were obtained at large cost by an agent specially sent; and young trees raised from them are now scattered from Rochester among various parks and nurseries of Europe and America. Most, if not all, of the trees of this kind in Europe originated from these seeds.

Arboriculturists in Britain and America differ about the name of this mammoth growth—the British styling it the "Wellingtonia Gigantea"—while our American title is accordant with our nationality—the "Washingtonia Gigantea."—*N. Y. World.*

ENGLISH, AMERICAN AND FRENCH HOSPITALS.—An effort is being made in Paris to escape the unfavorable comments of the world with regard to the larger proportionate mortality of the French hospitals in comparison with American and English, by stoutly and plumply denying credit to the statistics of the latter. It is notorious that the English have done the same by the Americans for a long time. M. Briquet, the French champion, says that he believes American statistics less than all the others. He illustrates the folly of trusting such evidence, by alluding to M. Malgaigne's remarks with reference to the Massachusetts hospitals—"*Now,*" *says M. Briquet,* "*there is not a town in America which bears that name!*"—*Scientific American.*

☞ Poets frequently change their opinions of their own productions at different periods of life. One of the most eminent literary men of Central Europe was warmly attached to poetical composition in his youth, and risked his life to rush through the flames when his house was on fire to rescue his poems. He was so fortunate as to escape with his beloved manuscripts in his hands. Ten years afterwards he condemned to the flames those very poems he ventured his life to preserve. All this does not prove that he may not have been a better judge in early life than afterwards.

☞ When Gen. Butler was told that the rebels had concocted a plot to assassinate him, with characteristic coolness he replied—"They had better not do that, for it would leave them in the hands of Phelps." Phelps is an abolitionist, and second in command.

☞ MODEL CERTIFICATE.—"Dear Doctor—I will be one hundred and seventy-five years old next October. For ninety-four years I have been an invalid, unable to move except when stirred with a lever. But a year ago I heard of the Granicular Syrup. I bought a bottle, smelt the cork, and found myself a new man. I can now run twelve miles and a half an hour, and throw nineteen somersets without stopping."

☞ A pretty little peeress, M'lle de la Tour, daughter of the Baron de la Tour, one of the high nobility of France, was found carelessly sauntering in the streets of London, recently, dressed in man's clothes. She told a police magistrate she had run away from her home in Passy, near Paris, in that disguise, to see the Great Exhibition. She was given over to her dowager aunt, who posted to England in search of her, to be corrected and brought home.

CUMBERLAND GAP.—The telegraphic account from Memphis, in the Chicago *Times*, of the capture of 3,000 Union troops at Tazewell, near Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, is said to be entirely false. There was a not very important action at that place, in which the Union forces had the advantage. The Chicago Times, it will be remembered, first started the *canard* of the six iron-clad gunboats arriving at Mobile.

A FUGITIVE contraband, who arrived at Port Royal, stated that there were only 2,000 rebel troops at Savannah. He also said that the "rum" was a mere floating battery, of little power, carrying eight guns, and its officers are afraid to take it out of the Savannah river. The rebels are in strong force on the James and Dawfuskie Islands.

COM. JOHN L. WORDEN, the hero of the Monitor in her fight with the Merrimac, has gone to Washington, his wounds having been entirely healed and his health completely established. He expects to be soon assigned to another command.

☞ HOW THEY LIVE OUT WEST SOMETIMES.—"Mammy, where's the man going to sleep?" asked a girl of fifteen of her mother, who had just promised a traveller a night's rest in their out-of-the-way hut. "I'll have to put him in with you and Jack and Kate and Sue and Bet, I suppose," was the reply, "and if it's too crowded, one of you must turn in with me and dad and Dick and the twins."

☞ An officer of an Indiana regiment, in passing through the streets of Norfolk, met a pretty little girl of eight years, and gently patted her on the head, when the mother, who observed it from a window, rushed to the door and bawled out at the top of her voice, "Come right straight in the house, Susannah, and I will wash your head!"

☞ "There's two ways of doing it," said Pat to himself, as he stood musing and waiting for a job. "If I save me four thousand dollars, I must lay up two hundred dollars a year for twenty years, or I can put away twenty dollars a year for two hundred years—now which shall I do?"

☞ A young gentleman from a Western city, recently palmed himself off upon the people of a country town as a minister, by way of a joke. In this capacity he married a couple, who, upon learning the facts of the case, had him arrested. He compromised the matter by paying the expenses of a bona fide wedding for the couple, and promised never again to don the robes clerical.

☞ Powers, the sculptor, writing to a friend on what people call the folly of marrying without the means to support a family, expresses frankly his own fears when he found himself in this very position; but he adds, with characteristic candor, "To tell the truth, however, family and poverty have done more to support me than I have to support them. They have compelled me to make exertions which I hardly thought myself capable of; and often, when on the eve of despairing, they have forced me, like a coward in a corner, to fight like a hero, not for myself, but for my wife and little ones."

☞ One of the Brooklyn papers coolly says:—"Our thanks are due to Richard McCormick, Esq., Chief Clerk of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, for valuable seeds, which we shall plant on our Sabine farm." Our Sabine farm—think of it! Who says it is war time? There's a Horace for you! An editor having a farm! Where did he get it and what does he expect to do with it?

☞ To make lager beer the following new recipe is given: Take a barrel and fill it with rain water, put in one pair of old boots, a head of last fall's cabbage, two short sixes, a sprig of wormwood and a little yeast. Keep it for a year, and then "dish out."

☞ Clean cows, clean stables, sweet churns and pans, neat and tidy operators, are among the things to be desired by those who would send pure butter to market.—*Agriculturist.*

☞ It is related of a Southern slaveholder that he was wont to boast of the head-endurance of a favorite house servant. Upon the occasion of a dinner party, he bragged that Sam could not be knocked down by any blow, however severe, upon his head. An athletic and powerful man of the party laughed at such an idea, and as Sam was about entering the room with the candles, he stood behind the door and struck him a powerful blow on the head. The candles flickered a little, but Sam passed quietly on, merely saying: "Gemmen, be careful of de elbows, or de lights will be distinguished."

☞ An instance of throwing one's self about was witnessed a few evenings ago at a party, in the case of a young lady who, when asked to sing, first tossed her head and then pitched her voice!

☞ A woman in one of our suburban towns recently made application for the office of post-mistress, as she felt herself competent to take care of the "males" (mails). She had been married only six times.

☞ A street railway, one and three-quarter miles long, has been laid down, and is now in operation in Sydney, new South Wales. The rails and carriages for this street railway were sent out from England by Mr. Train.

☞ The Chicago Journal says that since the 30th of June last over 8,000 Norwegian emigrants have passed over the Galena Railroad, bound for Minnesota and Wisconsin.

☞ It is stated that in the erection of the Great Exhibition building 200 tons of nails were used; which, upon a fair computation, would give about 33½ millions of nails.

☞ In one ton of cabbage there are 189 ounces of sand, 184 of salt, 279 of sulphuric acid, 156 of phosphoric acid, 72 of magnesia, 652 of lime, 208 of soda, 861 of potash.

☞ A nobleman wished Garrick to be a candidate for the representation of a borough in Parliament. "No, my lord," said the actor, "I would rather play the part of a great man on the stage, than the part of a fool in Parliament."

☞ An editor describes a kissing scene which he witnessed as "a *solemn* and interesting occasion"—probably because he was not allowed to participate.

Foreign News.

By the steamship Anglo-Saxon, which passed Cape Race on Friday evening, with Liverpool dates to the 7th, we learn that a rumor was current at Madrid that Prince Murat is intended to be made king of Mexico. It is stated that Garibaldi has about 850 followers with him, who are but poorly armed. The French newspapers insist on Rome being delivered to Italy.

It is said that several of the European sovereigns will soon meet at Cologne. On the 15th of August an amnesty to political prisoners was to be proclaimed in France. It was rumored that the French Emperor would visit Cologne on the 20th instant. The Papal Minister of War has represented that the French army takes on itself the responsibility of whatever may occur on the frontiers of the Pontifical states, or in the provinces of Formone and Veletri. A member of the Italian Chamber of Deputies has expressed his belief that civil war in Italy is impossible. The Minister of War says the army will remain faithful to the king, and do its duty on all occasions.

LATEST NEWS.

LATER FROM BATON ROUGE.

ARKANSAS SUNK!

Later advices from New Orleans confirm the report of the repulse of Breckinridge at Baton Rouge.

The rebel ram Arkansas was sunk by the Essex. The Arkansas got aground, and the Essex came up and destroyed her.

The rebel forces were twice repulsed. Our loss was 250. Gen. Williams was shot in the chest. We captured a number of prisoners—among them a Brigadier-General, and one of Breckinridge's aids. Rebel loss very severe. The boat conveying the dead body of Gen. Williams and a number of our wounded to New Orleans, was run into by another of the Union boats and sunk. Gen. Williams' body was recovered.

Gen. Butler has issued a General Order announcing, in eloquent language, the death of Gen. Williams. He also issued a congratulatory order to the troops on their successful engagement with the enemy, in which he says:—

"The enemy lost three Brigadiers, killed, wounded, and prisoners, and many Colonels and field officers. He has more than a thousand killed and wounded. You have captured three pieces of artillery, six caissons, two stand of colors, and a large number of prisoners."

A letter from Baton Rouge states that the fight between the gunboat Essex and the ram Arkansas was a fair stand-up fight. Captain Porter lay at 800 yards distance, pouring solid 9 inch shot into the Arkansas, till a breach was made, when an incendiary shell was exploded in the breach setting her on fire. The rebel crew left her and she soon exploded.

Evacuation of Harrison's Landing.

FORTRESS MONROE, Aug. 16.—Harrison's Landing was evacuated by the Union troops this morning, and at about the same hour, Gen. McClellan's advance arrived at Williamsburg.

All was quiet, and all the public property had been safely removed.

A General Advance to the Rapidan River.

CULPEPPER COURT HOUSE, Aug. 17, 1 o'clock P. M.—A general advance toward the Rapidan river commenced this morning. If the rebels intend to dispute our passage to Orange Court-house they will probably endeavor to drive us back.

Gen. Sigel occupies the advance near Rapidan river. On Saturday the rebels attempted to cross the river, but were driven back.

No intelligence of any fight has reached here up to this hour.

The Threatened Invasion of Kentucky.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 17.—The news from Kentucky creates the most intense excitement here. Troops are being pushed forward with all possible speed. Gov. Morton has induced Major-General Lew Wallace and Gen. Dumont, who are here on leave of absence, to take command temporarily of the new regiments. Gen. T. A. Morris, Gen. J. J. Reynolds and Gen. Love also take the field.

Resignation of Gov. Magoffin—James F. Robinson Governor de facto.

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 17.—By an amicable arrangement John F. Fisk has resigned the speakership of the Senate. James F. Robinson was elected Speaker of the Senate and Benah Magoffin having resigned as Governor, James F. Robinson has become Governor *de facto* for the unexpired term. Matthew Johnson, of Lexington, has been elected Secretary of State. John B. Temple, President of the Military Board, has resigned, and the duties thereof now devolve on Robinson, as acting Governor. Robinson and Johnson are able and staunch Union men.

The Missing Boat of the Steamer Golden Gate—Twenty-three Additional Passengers Saved.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 17.—The steamer Orizaba arrived this morning from Panama, bringing 19 passengers saved from the burning of the steamer Golden Gate, heretofore reported as missing. Four others who were saved remained at Mazanilla to take the downward steamer for Panama.

The following are the names of those saved, with their former places of residence:—

W. Henderson, Cleveland, Ohio; Wilhelm Herbet, Bavaria; Jacane Bruno, Italy; S. Francis, France; Arthur Lepper and W. Catoline, Canada; J. L. Hulz, Wyandotte, Ohio; Chas. A. Belford, Boston, Mass.; S. P. Stoms, Brighton; Edward Leune, New York; Julius Salinger, San Francisco; Ames Clark, Baymonsville, N. Y.; E. T. Clark, do.; James Scott, third mate, New York; Thos. Keefe, Clyde Wade, and ——— Buddless, N. York; Wm. Morrissey, Boston; Edward Dakett, London. The four remaining at Mazanilla are Francis Carrol, Quincy, Ill.; Jas. McChesney, Troy, N. Y.; C. D. Bonstel, Catskill; J. Rosenburg, Hungary.

Miscellaneous.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17.—Colonels Corcoran and Wilcox arrived here this morning.

Gen. McCall, since his return from Richmond, says that our motto should be, "instant submission on the part of the rebels, or their extermination."

It is reported that Gen. Burnside, with his army, has arrived at Culpepper.

Gen. Banks is fast recovering from his injuries.

The English iron propeller Columbia was captured on the 3d instant among the Bahama islands. She had forty Armstrong guns and several thousand Enfield rifles aboard.

Gov. Magoffin, of Kentucky, in his message to the Legislature, in session at Frankfort, condemns Morgan's raids. He regrets the arrest of citizens without legal process. He recommends the adoption of the Crittenden resolutions as a standing proposition of peace and settlement.

On the 11th instant a fight took place eleven miles from Helena, Ark., between the Third Wisconsin Regiment and a body of Jeff. Thompson's men. The rebels were obliged to retreat.

Joshua Allen, a member of Congress from the Ninth Congressional District of Illinois, is under arrest at Cairo for discouraging enlistments.

A spy was captured on the 13th inst. within Gen. McClellan's lines.

In the battle of Tazewell, Tenn., on the 9th inst., the 14th Kentucky regiment, commanded by Col. Cochran, whipped four rebel regiments. We took 213 wagon loads of forage and 70 horses, but lost the knapsacks of two regiments. On our side we had 8 killed and 15 wounded. The enemy admit a loss of 250 killed and wounded.

All reports of the cutting to pieces of Gen. Curtis's and Col. Byrd's forces in Tennessee by the rebels are false.

About a week ago Jeff. Thompson sent a flag of truce to Gen. Hovey, at Old Town, Arkansas, demanding the surrender of all negroes within our lines, or prepare to fight. The flag of truce was dismissed, and Gen. Hovey started after the rebels with ten days' rations.

A small fight took place on last Thursday, near Kansas City. Our loss was two killed and seven wounded. Rebel loss not known.

☞ The safest and much the commonest way to steal is to buy and not pay.

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE.

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's shore;
We leave our plows and workshops, our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear;
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before—
We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

If you look across the hill-tops that meet the northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may descry;
And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloudy veil aside,
And flouts aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride;
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour—
We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

If you look all up our valleys, where the growing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming into line;
And children from their mother's knees are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow, against their country's needs;
And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage door—
We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

You have called us, and we're coming, by Richmond's bloody tide
To lay us down for freedom's sake, our brothers' bones beside;
Or from foul treason's savage grasp to wrench the murderous blade,
And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to parade.
Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone before—
We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

EXTRAORDINARY MARRIAGES.

The announcements of marriages published in the Gentleman's Magazine during the greater part of last century included a very precise statement of the portions brought by the brides. Here are a few of such notices:

"Mr. N. Tillotson, an eminent preacher among the people called Quakers, and a relative of Archbishop Tillotson, to Miss ——, with £7,000."

"Mr. P. Bowen to Miss Nicholls, of Queenhithe, with £10,000."

"Sir George C. to the widow Jones, with £1,000 a-year, besides ready money."

The following announcement follows the notice of a marriage in the Gentleman's Magazine for November, 1774:—"They at the same time ordered the sexton to make a grave for the interment of the lady's father, then dead." This was unusual; but a stranger scene took place at St. Dunstan's church on one occasion, during the performance of the marriage ceremony. The bridegroom was a carpenter, and he followed the service devoutly enough until the words occurred, "with this ring I thee wed." He repeated these, and then shaking his fist at the bride added, "And with this fist I'll break thy head." The clergyman refused to proceed, but, says the account, "the fellow declared he meant no harm," and the confiding bride believed he did but jest," whereupon the service was completed. A still more unpleasant affair for the lady once happened. A young couple went to get married, but found on their arrival at church that they had not money to pay the customary fees. The clergyman not being inclined to give credit, the bridegroom went out to get the required sum, while the lady waited in the vestry. During his walk the lover changed his mind, and never returned to the church. The young girl waited two hours for him, and then departed—"Shot free," dryly remarks one narrator. A bridegroom was once arrested at the church door on the charge of having left a wife and family chargeable to another parish, "to the great grief and shame of the intended bride."

In Scotland, in the year 1849, there was married the "noted bachelor, W. Hamilton." He was so deformed that he was utterly unable to walk. The chronicler draws a startling portrait of the man: "His legs were drawn up to his ears, and his arms were twisted backwards, and almost every member was out of joint." Added to these peculiarities, he was eighty years of age, and was obliged to be carried to church on men's shoulders. Nevertheless his bride was fair, and only twenty years of age! A wedding once took place in Berkshire under remarkable circumstances: the bridegroom was of the mature age of eighty-five, the bride eighty-three, and the bridesmaids each upwards of seventy—neither of these damsels having been married. Six grand-daughters of the bridegroom strewed flowers before the "happy couple," and four grandsons of the bride sung an epithalamium composed by the parish clerk on the occasion. On the 5th of February, in the 18th year of Elizabeth (corresponding to 1576,) Thomas Filsby, a deaf man, was married in St. Martin's parish, Leicester. Seeing that, on account of his natural infirmity, he could not, for his part, observe the order of the form of marriage, some peculiarities were introduced into the ceremony, with the approbation of the Bishop of Lincoln, the commissary, Dr. Chippendale, and the Mayor of Leicester. "The said Thomas, for expressing of his mind, instead of words, of his own accord used these signs: first he embraced her (the bride, Ursula Russet) with his arms; took her by the hand and put a ring on her finger; and laid his hand upon his heart, and held up his hands towards heaven; and to show his countenance to dwell with her to this life's end, he did it by closing his eyes with his hands, and digging the earth with his feet, and pulling as though he would ring a bell, with other signs approved. At the more recent marriage of a deaf and dumb young man, at Greenoble, the only singularity was in the company. The bridegroom, his three sisters, and two young men with them were deaf and dumb. There is a case mentioned in Dodsley's Annual Register of an ostler at a tavern in Spilsby who walked with his intended wife all the way to Gretna Green to get married—240 miles.

Some of the most remarkable marriages that have ever taken place are those in which the brides came to the altar partly, or in many cases entirely divested of clothing. It was formerly a common notion that if a man married a woman *en chemisette* he was not liable for her debts; and in *Notes and Queries* there is an account by a clergyman of the celebration of such a marriage some few years ago. He tells us that, as nothing was said in the rubrick about the woman's dress, he did not think it right to refuse to perform the marriage service. At Whitehaven a wedding was celebrated under the same circumstances, and there are several other instances on record.

A curious example of compulsory marriage once took place in Clerkenwell. A blind woman, forty years of age, conceived a strong affection for a young man who worked in a house near to her own, and whose "hammering" she could hear early and late. Having formed an acquaintance with him, she gave him a silver watch and other presents, and lent him £10 to assist him in his business. The recipient of these favors waited on the lady to thank her, and intimated that he was about to leave London. This was by no means what the blind woman wanted, and she was determined not to lose the person whose industrial habits had so charmed her, she had him arrested for the debt of £10 and thrown into prison. While in confinement she visited him and offered to forgive him the debt, on condition that he married her. Placed in this strait, the young man chose what he deemed the least of the two evils, and married his "benefactress," as the writer in the Gentleman's Magazine calls her. The man who arrested him gave the bride away at the altar. In 1767 a young blacksmith of Bedford was paying his addresses to a maiden, and upon calling to see her one evening was asked by her mother, what was the use of marrying a girl without money? Would it not be better for him to take a wife who could bring £500? The blacksmith thought it would, and said he should be eternally obliged to his adviser if she could introduce him to such a prize. "I am the person," then, said the mother of the betrothed, and we are told that "the bargain was struck immediately." Upon the return of the girl, she found her lover and parent on exceedingly good terms with each other, and they were subsequently married. The bride was sixty-four years of age, and the bridegroom eighteen. This disparity of years is comparatively trifling. A doctor of eighty was married to a young woman of twenty-eight; a blacksmith of ninety (at Worcester, 1768) to a girl of fifteen! a gentleman of Berkshire, aged seventy six, to a girl whom his *third* wife had brought up. The husband had children living thrice the age of his fourth wife. At Hill Farm, in Berkshire, a blind woman of ninety years was married to her ploughman, aged twenty; a gentleman of Worcester, upwards of eighty-five, to a girl of eighteen; a soldier of ninety-five, who had served in King William's wars, and had a ball in his nose, to a girl of fifteen. In 1769 a woman of Rotherhithe, aged seventy, was married to a young man aged twenty-three—just half a century difference between their ages. A girl of sixteen married a gentleman of ninety-four—but he had £50,000.—*The Book of Days.*

THE IRISHMAN IN IRELAND AND IN AMERICA.

The Irishman when he expatriates himself to one of those American states loses much of that affectionate, confiding, master-worshipping nature which makes him so good a fellow when at home. But he becomes more of a man. He assumes a dignity which he never has known before. He learns to regard his labor as his own property. That which he earns he takes without thanks, but he desires to take no more than he earns. To me personally he has, perhaps, become less pleasant than he was. But to himself! It seems to me that such a man must feel himself half a god, if he has the power of comparing what he is with what he was.

It is right that all this should be acknowledged by us. When we speak of America and of her institutions we should remember that she has given to our increasing population rights and privileges which we could not give—which is an old country we probably can never give. That self-asserting, obtrusive independence which so often wounds us, is, if viewed aright, but an outward sign of those good things which a new country has produced for its people. Men and women do not beg in the states; they do not offend you with tattered rags; they do not complain to Heaven of starvation; they do not crouch to the ground for half pence. If poor they are not abject in their poverty. They read and write. They walk like human beings made in God's form. They know they are men and women, owing it to themselves and to the world that they should earn their bread by their labor, but feeling that when earned it is their own. If this be so—if it be acknowledged that it is so—should not such knowledge in itself be sufficient testimony of the success of the country and of her institutions?—*America, by Anthony Trollope.*

☞ It affords us much pleasure to state that the British Commissioners and the Juries of the Great Exhibition have treated our exhibitors with marked kindness.

☞ "We judge ourselves," says Longfellow, "by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done."

A RUSSIAN COOK OF THE OLD FAITH.

An article on Russian Travel, in "All the Year Round," makes the following amusing sketch of a cook calling herself a "starrie verra;" that is, "starrie" old, "verra" faith—old faith. Her principal recommendation was that "she would not steal."

The woman came. She was of a staid, stern, even gloomy expression, about thirty-five years old, was clean, and had a cowl on her head which hid every hair. All the time she remained with us I had no evidence that she was not entirely bald.. From this maid's armpits to her heels were two straight lines, so that her waist was quite as mysterious as her hair. Except for the gloomy expression on her face, her features were good, and her eye—or I was much mistaken—showed a kind heart, spite of her perpetual grimness. She never smiled, jested, nor laughed, but we soon found that she was valuable. Her work was always done to the minute, and done well. We became attached to Anastasia, and while keeping her grim gravity unrelaxed, she evidently softened to the younger members of the family. They again, took amazingly to the stern old lass. Give me a child for finding out character covered up whether in smiles or in gloom. The children find it out; aye, and they bring it out. A terrific breaking of pots in the kitchen had taken place five minutes after Anastia's first installation. Mugs, jugs, cans, brown pots, plates and dishes of various dimensions she smashed into atoms at once, saying, "Unclean! unclean!" As this was a very likely fact, and the things were of very little value, she was rather encouraged than otherwise in this new work of reformation. "A new broom sweeps clean," seemed true enough of her. Every article in the kitchen, iron, wood, and earthenware, had been horribly defiled, was pooganic (unclean), was smashed or thrown out. She asked nobody's leave, nor did she stand on the manner of doing it; but did it. A new outfit was obtained from the "econom," and as her religion suffered her to eat with none of us, a complete set of dishes was got for her own individual use. No one durst lay a finger on these on any pretence whatever. If touched, they were smashed the next moment. Nor would she for the world touch food out of any dish or vessel which had been used by another. If a dog got into the kitchen, and put his nose (as dogs generally do) into half a dozen pots and dishes, whether these were her own particular vessels or not, they were smashed.

The following conversation ensued one evening upon hearing one of these dreadful smashing bouts in the kitchen.

"What noise is that, my dear?"

"Oh, it is Anastasia breaking a few dishes. Never mind her."

"Never mind her? I wonder you allow that old fanatic to go on so; she will ruin us in pots alone." (And assuming a fierce look,) "I shall go and turn her out this moment."

"No you won't. Listen: this woman is a jewel. She breaks a few dishes, it is true, but her religion seems to demand it. I suppose it also tells her to be honest, for she is so. You told me not to examine her box, but for all that I have done so many a time. She always leaves the key in it. It contained nothing but an old Bible, in the old church characters, which I could not read, and a few clothes. Not a vestige of my property could I ever find. That is not all; the other servants either don't or cannot steal by a hundredth part as much as formerly. Her breakage does not amount to a tithe of the old robberies. Now say, shall she be turned out?"

"Certainly not, I prefer the smasher to the thief."

"Now come to the kitchen, I hear she has gone out. I wish to show you something."

We went to the kitchen and there my wife pointed out to me that all the utensils in which any food was left or kept had a cross made of chips laid across the top. Bread was in course of making, and the sponge was set. On the top of the dough a cross was also drawn with a blunt edge.

"Now," said madam, "all that is to keep the witches out of the food."

"Yesterday she told me that during the previous night the cat had been very uneasy, and had gone mewing about for a long time. She got out of bed, and drew the edge of a knife three times round the cat's head, after which it was quiet and went to sleep directly. She had cut the throats of the witches which were tormenting the cat, and had fastened themselves round her head."

A great sacrifice has yet to be made to the starrie verra. Cooking-pots might be made of the coarsest earthenware, or porcelain—it mattered not: if they were defiled, either they must go, or the cook would go; that was the fixed alternative.

We had given a party. Sanderson was there, Defour was there, Pine was there, the count and many others. Each gentleman had brought his favorite four-footed companion and protector. Some had two. These dogs were during supper lying about the room. I thought, in common hospitality, it was but right that I should feed my friend's dogs, and I proposed to give them a great feast of broken victuals before they were taken from the room. No sooner said than done; plates filled with what dogs like, and put before our expectant neighbors. It was delightful to see how the strong fellows wagged their tails, and lapped their jaws, and crunched the bones, and relished the dainty feast; but in the midst of all, to our great grief, the starrie verra opened the door and looked in for some orders. She saw the defilement; her face assumed a more grim look than I had ever seen on it. In a moment I felt that my wife's pet crockery was tried and condemned past all reprieve. Dogs had defiled it. Madame looked at me with a What-Shall-I-Do expression; and I replied by another look of Take-it-Easy-and-Let-it-Go. It was a sore struggle, but prudence triumphed over crockery. The servant was invaluable. It was not she but the crockery that might be replaced. But oh! is there a lady in the land who does not sympathize with my poor wife as, immediately after the removal of the cloth, she heard the smash of her Wedgwood going on in the kitchen? She sat still and winced hard, and pressed her lips together at each smash. Meanwhile, however, I had told her grief to our guests, and each crash was provoking laughter, in which she at length, catching the infection, joined long and heartily. The starrie verra remained with us until we left that part of the country. Then her grim countenance relaxed, and she cried bitterly at parting. She was the only honest servant we ever had in Russia.

VALUE OF WIVES IN CHINA.

Not long since a young English merchant took his youthful wife with him to Hong Kong, China, where the couple were visited by a wealthy mandarin. The latter regarded the lady very attentively, and seemed to dwell with delight upon her movements. When she at length left the apartment he said to the husband, in broken English (worse than broken China):

"What give you for that wifey-wife yours?"

"Oh," replied the husband, laughing at the singular error of his visitor, "two thousand dollars."

"Only two thousand dollars for that wifey-wife?" asked the mandarin.

"That was all," replied the merchant.

"Well," said the mandarin, taking out a book with an air of business, "s'pose you give her to me; I give you *five* thousand."

It is difficult to say whether the young Englishman was more amazed or amused; but the very grave and solemn air of the Chinaman convinced him that he was in sober earnest; and he was compelled, therefore, to refuse the offer with as much placidity as he could assume.

The mandarin, however, continued to press his bargain.

"I give you *seven* thousand dollars," said he; "you *take* 'em!"

The merchant had no previous notion of the cash value of the commodity which he had taken out with him, and was compelled, at length, to inform his visitor that Englishmen were not in the habit of selling their wives after they were once in their possession—an assertion which the Chinaman was very slow to believe.

The merchant afterward had a hearty laugh with his pretty wife over the affair, and told her that he had just discovered her full value, as he had that moment been offered seven thousand dollars for her; a very high figure, "as wives were going in China at that time!"

HOW SHALL LADIES RIDE?

In view of the increase of equestrian exercise among our ladies this becomes an important question. Dr. James C. Jackson, in his recent work on consumption, contends that there are insuperable objections to the usual style of side-saddle riding. The position enforced by it, he argues, is injurious to the system, having a tendency to produce crooked spine, irritation of the spine, congestion of the lungs and of the liver and kidneys. This is a formidable list of diseases, but it by no means, according to Dr. Jackson, comprises all the evils consequent on the usual style of riding. Truth to say, a lady's position on horseback cannot be called a natural one—but what would you have?—You wouldn't have a woman ride astride, would you? "Yes, I would," says the Doctor, and then goes on to show, by actual instances, that ladies unable to ride at all in the usual manner, owing to its hurting them so much, have become strong and well by riding as men ride. Mexican women ride astride, and the Doctor recommends that we adopt their "barbarism" in this respect. It only requires a pair of pantaloons, which, after all, many of the ladies have no insuperable objection to putting on! The Doctor confidently reckons on the coming of the time when men will see "what an outrageous abomination the present style of riding for women is, and it will pass into desuetude, and be reckoned among the follies of a previous day." So you see what you are coming to, ladies!

KISS ME BEFORE YOU GO.

Your path lies over the hillside,
Out in rain and sleet—
Out in the world's wild turmoil,
Where bustle and business meet;
And mine by the noiseless fireside,
Where the fanciful embers glow
With a changeful, life-like motion—
Kiss me before you go.

My quiet way will be haunted
With visions none others can see—
Glances more precious than diamonds—
Smiles full of meaning to me—
The sound of a welcome footstep,
A whisper thrillingly low.
Ah, thought will clasp memory closely!
Kiss me before you go!

For this world has a thousand mischances,
And one of those chances may fall
That we two ne'er again by the firelight
Make one shadow upon the wall!
Then, yet once more, ere the parting,
Alas that it must be so!
Leave me a fond benediction—
Kiss me before you go!

What We First Forget.—As people grow old, (says Winslow, in "Diseases of the Brain,") there is, "first, a forgetfulness of *names;* second, of *substantives;* third, of *verbs;* and fourth, of *adjectives.* Adjectives appear to retain their hold with the firmest tenacity upon the mind. It is a well known fact, says Dr. Itard, that many idiots have had a memory only for adjectives. Some light may be, perhaps, thrown upon this subtle question by considering the mode in which the understanding is built up, the intellectual superstructure reared; in other words, the relation in which ideas are admitted into the mind."

THE OLD MAN TO HIS WIFE.

You say the're wrinkles in your face,
But *I* can see none there:
Oh! why should Time his record trace
Upon a page so fair?
You call them wrinkles, love, but still,
In *this* we don't agree;
For you may call them what you will,
They *dimples* seem to me.

That youth doth swiftly speed away,
Has oft been said and sung;
Ah, me! It seems but yesterday
Since you and I were young;
Then, graceful was your youthful head,
With glossy, dark-brown hair;
You say there's many a silver thread
Old Time has woven there.

Well, well! what matter, dark or gray,
Or smooth or wrinkled brow?
Thou wert not in thy palmiest day
More beautiful than now;
For still is thine the winning grace,
The gentle spirit thine,
That sheds o'er young or aged face
A loveliness divine.

EXAMINATION OF RECRUITS.

FROM THE BOSTON MEDICAL JOURNAL.

We have noticed of late, in some of the daily papers, complaints of the rigor of the examining surgeons whose duty it is to examine the recruits of our new levy. There seems to be an impression that men are rejected for the most trifling defects, and government interference is called to check such a wanton setting aside of volunteers whose services are most urgently needed at the present moment. These feelings are very natural to unprofessional people, and to those who have got accustomed to some pet personal infirmity of their own, accommodating their habits to it, until they have come to regard it as hardly an infirmity at all. The public, of course, cannot be adequate judges of what should not constitute physical disability for military duty. The experience of the past year has shown that the examination of men entering the army, instead of being too strict has not been strict enough.

Hundreds of men have become a burthen to the nation almost from the time of their enlistment, owing to the improper examination to which they had been subjected before being mustered into service. Look at the deaths or the cases of invalidism from phthisis, the men who have become disqualified from hernia, varicose veins, hæmorrhoids, and other local infirmities, the evidence of which was overlooked or not regarded in its true light by the examiners, none of whom should have been allowed to enter the service. Instances are known of men who have been trading on their infirmities, by going from post to post until they find a surgeon ignorant enough to pass them, drawing their advance, breaking down in a short time, being discharged to save the public from a lasting burthen, going off to another recruiting office, to go over the same game again.

The bounty now so liberally offered to fill up our weakened regiments, is a strong additional incentive to the lame, the halt and the blind, if they can only deceive the examiner, to come into the ranks, only to be discharged in a few weeks as worthless. An instance came under our eye a few days since, showing the great need of the most extreme caution and thoroughness on the part of the examining surgeons. A young man, whose face showed no evidence of sickness, called upon us for an examination of his lungs, to determine whether he had any pulmonary disease. He had had a slight cough for some months, but as yet the rational signs did not indicate any very serious trouble. On auscultation there was unmistakable evidence of tuberculous disease, and commencing softening at the left summit. On giving the patient a candid statement of the exact nature of his case, and the threatening danger, he asked if he were well enough to enlist in the army. Our answer was unequivocally, "No. He would not live six months, exposed to the fatigues and privations of a campaign."

"Well, doctor," was his reply, "I have enlisted, and, more than that, have been mustered into service." "But were you not examined by a physician?" "Yes." "What did he think of the state of your lungs?" "Oh, he did not examine my lungs," was his reply. Now here was a man who ought to have been summarily rejected, who will take his bounty of a hundred dollars and more, and will be in all probability, an inmate of a hospital within a month, never to be an active soldier.

It is not probable that there was any intention to deceive, on the part of the recruit in this instance, but why may not such cases be of frequent occurrence if there be similar neglect on the part of the examiner? There was nothing about the young man's appearance to excite suspicion of phthisis, and the patient and his friends would very probably have been extremely indignant had he been rejected for his slight cough. No: let the examination be rigid, and guided by the principles of common sense and conscientiousness on the part of the examiner, so that on the one hand mere blemishes, however obvious, of no serious import, may not lead to the rejection of men essentially able-bodied, and on the other the latent germs and signs of serious disease, which the public would not be likely to notice, may not escape the educated eye of the physician, and may ensure rejection, no matter what unprofessional people may say.

☞ While Mr. Buchanan was President the Pottstown Bank came into existence and out of compliment to him the notes contained his portrait. But of late the Bank has received so many mutilated notes, with the words "traitor," "Judas Iscariot," &c., inscribed under the portrait, that it has resolved to call in all the notes bearing the likeness and re-issue new ones. It must be done to abate a nuisance.

A TERRIBLE STORY OF THE REBELLION.

A correspondent of the New York Times, who dates from Springfield, Missouri, tells the following sad tale of the consequences of rebellion:

"The tender mercies of secession are cruel. I have just heard the sad story of a widow who has buried two sons and a daughter since the outbreak of rebellion. Her three children all fell by the hand of violence.

She lived in the White River country—a land of hills and of ignorance. In that country she and her family stood almost alone upon the side of the National Union. Her neighbors were advocates of rebellion, and even before the arrival of our army in Springfield, all loyal citizens were warned that they must leave their homes or die. It was little that the poor widow had to leave—a miserable log-cabin and a small patch of hillside—but such as it was, she was preparing to abandon it, when her son Harvey left her, in search of employment. She packed his bundle with a heavy heart, took a silk handkerchief from her neck, gave it to him, and kissed him good-bye, never expecting to see him again.

He had not been gone many days when her persecution began. Her little boy was one evening bringing in wood for the fire, when a shot was heard—a bullet struck the log under his arm, and he dropped it with a scream. The ball had just missed his heart. Joy at his escape from death was henceforth mingled with gloomy apprehension.

Next she heard of the death of Harvey. He had found a home, and fancying himself secure, was alone at work in the field. The family with whom he lived were absent. When they returned at noon they found his dead body in the house, pierced by a bullet. His torn cap and other signs witnessed to the severity of his struggle before he yielded to his murderer.

From this time the family of Mrs. Willis lived in constant fear. One day a gun was fired at them as they sat at dinner. Often they saw men prowling about with guns, looking for the young men. One man was bold enough to come into the cabin in search of them. At night they all hid in the woods, and slept. The poor woman was one day gathering corn in the garden, and William was sitting upon the fence.

"Don't sit there, William," said his mother, "you are too fair a mark for a shot."

William went to the door and sat upon the step.

"William," said his sister, "you are not safe there. Come into the house."

He obeyed. He was sitting between two beds, when suddenly another shot rang upon the air, and the widow's second son, Samuel, whom she had not noticed sitting by another door, rose to his feet, staggered a few steps toward his mother, and fell a corpse before her.

"I never wished any one in torment before," she said, "but I did wish the man that killed him was there."

Her three oldest sons at once left the cabin and fled over the hills. They are all in the National army to-day. Samuel's sister washed the cold clay and dressed it for the grave. After two days the secession neighbors came to bury him. At first the frantic mother refused to let them touch his body. At last she consented. The clods were falling upon the coffin, each sound awakening an echo in her heart, when a whip-poor-will fluttered down, with its wild melancholy cry, and settled in the open grave. The note so terrified the conscious-stricken, superstitious wretches, that for a moment they fled in dismay.

Two of her children were now in the tomb. Three had escaped for their lives. The unhappy woman was left with her two daughters and three small children, helpless and alone. She was obliged to go thirty miles upon horseback to mill for food, and afterwards to return on foot, leading her horse by the bridle, with the sack of meal upon his back. On her return she met her children, about a mile and a half from her own house. In her neighbor's yard her two boys, aged ten and twelve years, were digging another grave—the grave of an old man, murdered in her absence for the crime of loyalty to the Union. Together with a white-headed patriot, who tottered with age, they placed the corpse upon a board, rolled it, unprepared for burial and uncoffined, into the shallow pit, and then covered it with earth. Such are the trials of loyal citizens in the border slave States, and wherever rebellion has been in power.

The widow now escaped for refuge to this city. And here, to crown her sorrows in the absence of her three oldest remaining sons, a drunken soldier of the Fifth Kansas Regiment shot her daughter Mary, as she was standing in the door of her house. Is it any wonder that this woman's hair is gray, her forehead full of wrinkles, or that she should say, with tremulous tones—

"I feel that I shall not live long. The only thing which sustains me is the love of Christ."

Northern people know nothing of the horrors of the war.

A Sweet Wife.—James Ferguson and his wife led a cat-and-dog life, and she is not once alluded to in the philosopher's autobiography. About the year 1750, one evening while he was delivering to a London audience a lecture on astronomy, his wife entered the room in a passion, and maliciously overturned several pieces of the apparatus, when all the notice Ferguson took of the matter was the observation to the audience—"Ladies and gentlemen, I have the misfortune to be married to this woman."

☞ The difference between war and peace has been well defined by one of the ancients—"In time of peace, the sons bury their fathers; in time of war, the fathers bury their sons."

☞ Prof. Agassiz states that man existed on this earth 150,000 years ago.

GIVING THEM WINGS.

A swinging worm my garments caught—
A worm! I shuddered at the thought!
Till Jennie said, with tender eye,
"'Twould seem less fearful if you'd try
To think it will be, by and by,
A little white-winged butterfly."

A gentle thought, and little more
Than had been told me oft before;
Why should it a new courage bring,
Robbing my weak fear of its sting,
Or give each tiny, crawling thing
The glory of the promised wing?

Or why, still further, shed its light
Upon my weary spirit's night?
Only that Jennie's look and tone
Gave it a meaning all its own,
And bade me strive, o'er strength had flown,
To see in life God's hand alone.

Dear Father! help me, not to start
At life-cares swinging near the heart—
Dreading their stain, their petty smart.
Oh! teach me Jennie's loving art,
In every clinging grief to spy
"A little white-winged butterfly." E.

BLOOD FOR BLOOD.

A STORY OF THE ENGLISH CIVIL WAR.

Arabella Greenville was of a very proud stomach and unbending humor. She might be led, but would not be driven. She adored her father, but laughed at the commands of the governante, and the counsels of the housekeeper, who knew not how either to lead or to rule her. It was early determined to send her to Madam Ribotte's *academy* at Bristol,—for even so early as King Charles's time had outlandish and new-fangled names been found for Schools; and thither she was accordingly sent, with instructions that she was to learn all the polite arts and accomplishments proper to her station, that she was to be kept under a strict regimen, and corrected of her faults; but that she was not to be thwarted in her reasonable desires; was to have her pony, with John coachman on the skewbald sent to fetch her every Saturday and holiday; was not to be overweighted with tedious and dragging studies; and was by no means to be subject to those shameful chastisements of the ferula and the rod, which, even within my own time, I blush to say had not been banished from schools for young gentlewomen. To sum up, Miss Arabella Greenville went to school with a pocketfull of guineas, and a play-chest full of sweet-cakes and preserved fruits, and with a virtual charter for learning as little as she chose, and doing pretty well as much as she liked.

Of course my grandmother—the said Arabella—ran a fair chance of being wholly spoiled, and growing up to one of those termagant romps we used to laugh at in Mr. Colley Cibber's plays. The schoolmistress fawned upon her, for, although untitled, Esquire Greenville (from whom my descent is plain) was one of the most considerable of the Country Gentry; the teachers were glad when she would treat them from her abundant store of guineas; and she was a kind of divinity among the schoolmaids her companions, to whom she gave so many cakes and sweetmeats that the apothecary had to be called in about once a week. But this fair young flower-bed was saved from blight and choking weeds, first, by the innate rectitude and nobility of her disposition, which (save only when that dangerous look was in her eyes) taught her to keep a rein over her caprices, and subdue a too warm and vigorous imagination; next, by the entire absence of vanity and self-conceit in her mind—a happy state, which made her equally alive to her own faults and to the excellencies of others; and, last, by her truly prodigious aptitude for polite learning. I have often been told that but for adverse circumstances Mrs. Greenville must have proved one of the most learned, as she was one of the wittiest and best-bred women of her age and country. In the languages, in all manner of fine needlework, in singing and fingering instruments of music, in medicinal botany and the knowledge of diseases, in the making of the most cunning electuaries and syllabubs, and even in arithmetic—a science of which young gentlewomen were then almost wholly deficient—she became, before she was sixteen years of age, a truly wonderful proficient. A Bristol bookseller spoke of printing her book of recipes (containing some excellent hints on cookery, physic, the casting of nativities, and farriery;) and some excellent short hymns she wrote, are, I believe, sung to this day in one of the Bristol free-schools. But the talent for which she was most shiningly remarkable was in that difficult and laborious art of Painting in Oils. Her early drawings, both in crayons and Chinese ink, were very noble; and there are in this House now some miniatures of her father, brother, and school-companions, limned by her in a most delicate and lovely fashion; but 'twas in oils and in portraiture of the size of life that she most surpassed. She speedily out-went all that the best masters of this craft in Bristol could teach her; and her pictures—especially one of her father, in his buff coat and breastplate, as a Colonel of the Militia—were the wonder, not only of Bristol, but of all Somerset and the counties adjacent.

About this time those troubles in the West, with which the name of Prince Rupert is so sadly allied, grew to be of such force and fury as to decide Mr. Greenville on going to London, taking his daughter Arabella with him, to make interest with the Parliament, so that peril might be averted from his estate. For although his son was in arms for King Charles, and he himself was a gentleman of approved loyalty, he had done nothing of an overt kind to favor King or Parliament. He thus hoped, having ever been a peaceable and law-worthy gentleman, to preserve his lands from peril, and himself and family from prosecution; and it is a great error to suppose that many honest gentlemen did not so succeed in the very fiercest frenzy of the civil wars in keeping their houses over their heads, and their heads upon their shoulders. Witness worthy Mr. John Evelyn of Wotton and Sayes' Court, and many other persons of repute.

While the Esquire was intent on his business at Westminster, and settling the terms of a Fine, without which it seemed even his peaceable behavior could not be compounded, he lay at the house of a friend, Sir Fortunatus Geddings, a Turkey merchant, who had a fair house in the street leading directly to St. Paul's Church, just without Ludgate. The gate has been pulled down this many a day, and the place where he dwelt is now called Ludgate Hill. As he had much going to and fro, and was afraid that his daughter might come to hurt, both in the stoppage to her schooling, and in the unquietness of the times, he placed her for a while at a famous school at Hackney, under that famous governante Mrs. Desaguilliers. And here she had not been for many weeks ere the strangest adventure in the world—as strange as any one of my own—befell her. The terrible battle of Naseby had by this time been fought, and the King's cause was wholly ruined. Among other Cavaliers fortunate enough to escape from that deadly fray, and who were in hiding from the vengeance of the usurping government, was the Lord Francis V———rs, younger son to that hapless Duke of B——m who was slain at Portsmouth by Captain F———n. It seems almost like a scene in a comedy to tell; and, indeed, I am told that Tom D'Urfey did turn the only merry portion of it into a play; but it appears that, among other shifts to keep his disguise, the Lord Francis, who was highly skilled in all the accomplishments of the age, was fain to enter Mrs. Desaguilier's school at Hackney in the habit of a dancing-master, and that as such he taught corantoes and rounds to the young gentlewoman. Whether the governante, who was herself a stanch Royalist, winked at the deception, I know not; but her having done so is not improbable. Stranger to tell, the Lord Francis brought with him a companion who was, forsooth, to teach French and the lute, and who was no other than Captain Richard, son to the Esquire of the West country, and who was likewise inveterately pursued by the Usurper. The brother recognized his sister, to what joy and contentment on both their parts I need not say; but ere the false dancing-master had played his part many days, he fell madly in love with Arabella Greenville. He made no secret of it to his fast friend, Captain Richard (my grand uncle); and he made no more ado, as was the duty of a brother jealous of his sister's fair fame, but to write his father word of what had chanced. The Esquire was half terrified and half flattered by the honor done to his family by the Lord Francis. The poor young man was under the very sternest of proscriptions, and it was openly known that if the Parliament laid hold on him his death was certain. But, on the other hand, the Esquire loved his daughter above all things; and one short half hour, passed with her alone at Hackney, persuaded him that he must either let Arabella's love-passion have its vent, or break her heart for ever. And, take my word for it, you foolish parents who would thwart your children in this the most sacred moment of their lives—thwart them for no reasonable cause, but only to gratify your own pride of purse, avarice, evil-tempers, or love of meddling—you are but gathering up bunches of nettles wherewith to scourge your own shoulders, and strewing your own beds with shards and pebbles. Take the advice of old John Dangerous, who suffered his daughter to marry the man of her choice, and is happy in the thought that she enjoys happiness; and I should much wish to know if there be any hatred in the world so dreadful as that curdled love, as that reverence decayed, as that obedience in ruins, you see in a proud, haughty daughter, married against her will, to one she holds in loathing, and who points her finger and says within herself, "My father and mother made me marry that man, and I am miserable."

It was agreed amongst those who had most right to come to an agreement in the matter, that as a first step the Lord Francis V———s should betake himself to some other place of hiding, as more in keeping with Mrs. Greenville's honor; but that, with the consent of her father and brother, he should be solemnly betrothed to her; and that, so soon as the troubles were over, or that the price which was upon his head were taken off, he should become her husband. And there was even a saving clause added, that if the national disturbances unhappily continued, Mrs. Greenville should be privately conveyed abroad, and that the Lord Francis should marry her so soon after a certain lapse of time as he could conveniently get beyond sea. My Lord Duke of B——m had nothing to say against the match, loving his brother, as he did, very dearly; and so, in the very roughest of times, this truest of true loves seemed to bid fair to have a smooth course.

But alas the day! My grandmother's passion for the young Lord was a very madness. On his part he idolized her, calling her by names and writing her letters that are nonsensical enough in common life, but which are not held to be foolish pleas in Love's Chancery. When the boy and girl—for they were scarcely more—parted, she gave him one of her rich brown tresses; he gave her one of his own dainty love-locks. They broke a broad piece in halves between them: each hung the fragment by a ribbon next the heart. They swore eternal fidelity, devotion. Naught but death should part them, they said. Foolish things to say and do, no doubt; but I look at my grizzled old head in the glass, and remember that I have said and done things quite as foolish forty—fifty years ago.

Nothing but death was to part them; and nothing but death so parted them. The Esquire Greenville, his business being brought to a pleasant termination, having paid his fine and gotten his safe conduct and his redemption from sequestration, betook himself once more to the West. His daughter went with him, nourishing her love and fondling it, and dwelling syllable by syllable, on the letters which the Lord Francis sent her from time to time. He was in hopes, he said, to get away to Holland.

Then came that business of the King's murder. Mr. Greenville, as became a loyal gentleman, was utterly dismayed at that horrid crime; but to Arabella the news was as of the intelligence of the death of some loved and revered friend. She wept, she sobbed, she called on Heaven to shower down vengeance on the murderers of her gracious Prince. She had not heard from her betrothed for many days, and those who loved and watched her had marked a strange wild way with her.

It was on the third of February that the dreadful news of the Whitehall tragedy came to her father's house. She was walking on the next day very moodily in the garden, when the figure of one booted and spurred, and with the stains of many days' travel on his dress, stood across her path. He was but a clown, a mere boor; he had been a ploughboy on her father's lands, and had run away to join Captain Richard, who had made him a trumpeter in his troop. What he had to say was told in clumsy speech, in hasty, broken accents, with sighs and stammerings and blubberings; but he told his tale too well.

The Lord Francis V———s and Captain Richard Greenville—Arabella's lover, Arabella's brother—were both dead. On the eve of the fatal thirtieth of January they had been taken captives in a tilt boat on the Thames, in which they were endeavoring to escape down the river. They had at once been tried by a court-martial of rebel officers; and on the thirtieth day of that black month, by express order sent from the Lord General Cromwell, in London, these two gallant and unfortunate gentlemen had been shot to death by a file of musketry in the courtyard of Hampton Court Palace. The trumpeter had by a marvel escaped, and lurked about Hampton till the dreadful deed was over. He had sought out the sergeant of the firing party, and questioned him as to the last moments of the condemned. The sergeant said that they died as Malignants, and without showing any sign of penitence; but he could not gainsay that their bearing was soldier-like.

Arabella heard this tale without moving.

"Did the Captain—did my brother—say aught before they slew him?" she asked.

"Nowt but this, my lady; 'God forgive us all!'"

"And the Lord Francis said he aught?"

"Ay; but I dunno loike to tell."

"Say on."

"'Twas t' Sergeant tould un. A' blessed the King, and woud hev' t' souldiers drink 'a health, but they wouldno'. And a' wouldno' let un bandage his eyes; an' jest befoar t' red cwoats fired, a' touk a long lock o' leddy's hair from 's pocket and kissed un, and cried out 'Bloud for Bloud!" and then a' died all straight along."

Mrs. Arabella Greenville drew from her bosom a long wavy lock of silken hair—his hair, poor boy!—and kissed it, and crying out "Blood for Blood!" fell down in the garden-path in a dead faint.

She did not Die, however, being spared for many Purposes, some of them Terrible, until she was nearly ninety years of age. But her first state was worse than death; she lying for many days in a kind of trance or lethargy, and then waking up to raving madness. For the best part of that year, she was a perfect maniac, from whom nothing could be got but gibberings and plungings, and ceaseless cries of "Blood for Blood!" The heir-at-law to the estate, now that the Esquire's son was dead, watched her madness with a keen avaricious desire. He was a sour Parliament man, who had pinned his faith to the Commonwealth, and done many Awakening things against the Cavaliers, and he thought now that he should have his reward, and Inherit.

It was so destined, however, that my Grandmother should recover from that malady. On her beauty it left surprisingly few traces. You could only tell the change that had taken place in her by the deathly paleness of her visage, by her never smiling, and by that fierce expression in her eyes being now an abiding instead of a passing one. Beyond these, she was herself again; and after a little while went to her domestic concerns, and chiefly to the cultivation of that pleasing art of painting in oils in which she had of old time given such fair promise of excellence. Her father would have had several most ingenious examples of History and Scripture pieces by the Italian and Flemish masters brought for her to study by—such copies being then very plentiful, by reason of the dispersing of the collections of many noblemen and gentlemen on the King's side; but this she would not suffer, saying that it were waste of time and money, and, with astonishing zeal, applied herself to the branch of portraiture. From a little miniature portrait of her dead Lord, drawn by Mr. Cooper, she painted in large many fair and noble presentments, varying them according to her humor—now showing the Lord Francis in his panoply as a man of war, now in a court habit, now in an embroidered night gown and Turkish cap, now leaning on the shoulder of her brother, the Captain, deceased. And anon she would make a ghastly image of him lying all along in the courtyard at Hampton Court, with the purple bullet-marks on his white forehead, and a great crimson stain on his bosom, just below his bands. This was the one she most loved to look upon, although her father sorely pressed her to put it by, and not dwell on so uncivil a theme, the more so as, in crimson characters, on the background she had painted the words "Blood for Blood." But whatever she did was now taken little account of, for all thought her to be distraught.

By-and-by she fell to quite a new order in her painting. She seemed to take infinite pleasure in making portraitures of Oliver Cromwell, who had by this time become Lord Protector of the Commonwealth. She had never seen that bold bad man (the splendor of whose mighty achievements must for ever remain tarnished by his blood-guiltiness in the matter of the King's death); but from descriptions of his person, for which she eagerly sought, and from busts, pictures and prints cut in brass, which she obtained from Bristol and elsewhere, she produced some surprising resemblances of him who was now the Greatest Man in England. She painted him at full and at half length—in full face, profile, and three-quarter; but although she would show her work to her intimates, and ask eagerly "Is it like—is it like him?" she would never part with one copy (and there were good store of time-servers ready to buy the Protector's picture at that time), nor could any tell how she disposed of them.

This went on until the summer of the year 1657, when her father gently put it to her that she had worn the willow long enough, and would have had her ally herself with some gentleman of worth and parts in that part of the country. For the poor Esquire desired that she should be his heiress, and that a man-child should be born to the Greenville estate, and thus the heir-at-law, who was a wretched attorney at Bristol, and more bitter against kings than ever, should not inherit. She was not to be moved, however, towards marriage; saying softly that she was already wedded to her Frank in Heaven—for so she spoke of the Lord Francis V———e, and that her union had been blessed by her brother Dick, who was in Heaven too, with King Charles and all the Blessed Army of Martyrs. And I have heard, indeed, that the unhappy business of the King's death was the means of so crazing, or casting into a sad celibacy and devouring melancholy, multitudes of comely young women who were born for love and deliguts and to be the happy mothers of many children.

So, seeing that he could do nothing with her, and loth to use any unhandsome pressure towards one whom he loved as the apple of his eye, the Esquire began to think it might divert her mind to more cheerful thoughts if she quitted for a season that part of the country (for it was at Home that she had received the dreadful news of her misfortune); and, Sir Fortunatus Geddings and his family being extremely willing to receive her, and do her honor, he despatched Arabella to London, under protection of Mr. Landrail, his steward, a neighbor of his, Sir Hardress Eustis, lending his coach for the journey.

Being now come to London, every means which art could devise, or kindness could imagine, were made use of by Sir Fortunatus, his wife and daughter, to make Arabella's life happier. But I should tell you a strange thing that came about at her father's house the day after she left it for the town. Mr. Greenville chancing to go in a certain long building by the side of his pleasure pond that was used as a boat-house, when, to his amazement, he sees, piled up against the wall, a number of pictures, some completed, some half finished, but all representing the Lord Protector Cromwell. But the strangest thing about them was, that in every picture the canvas about the head was pricked through and through in scores of places with very fine sharp holes, and, looking around in his marvel, he found an arbalest or cross-bow, with some very fine sharp bolts, and was so led to conjecture that some one had been setting these heads of the Protectorup as a target, and shooting bolts at them. He was at first minded to send an express after his daughter to London to question her if she knew aught of the matter; but on second thoughts he desisted, remembering that in the Message, almost (as the times stood) there was Treason, and concluding that, after all, it might be but some idle fancy of Arabella, and part of the demi-craze under which she labored. For there could be no manner of doubt that the pictures, if not the holes in them, were of her handiwork.

Meanwhile Arabella was being entertained in the stateliest manner by Sir Fortunatus Geddings, who stood in great favor with the government, and had, during the troubles, assisted the Houses with large sums of money. There were then not many sports or amusements wherewith a sorrowing maiden could be diverted; for the temper of England's rulers was against vain pastimes and junketings. The Maypoles had been pulled down; the players whipped and banished; the bear and bull baitings, and even the mere harmless minstrelsy and ballad singing of the streets, all rigorously pulled down. But whatever the worthy Turkey merchant and his household could do in the way of carrying Arabella about to suppers, christenings, country gatherings, and so forth, was cheerfully and courteously done. Sir Fortunatus maintained a coach (for he was one of the richest merchants in the city of London) and in this conveyance Arabella was oftimes taken to drive in Hyde Park, or towards the Uxbridge Road. 'Twas on one of these occasions that she first saw the Protector, who likewise was in his coach, drawn by eight Holstein mares, and attended by a troop of horse, very gallantly appointed, with scarlet livery coats, bright gorgets and back pieces, and red plumes in their hats.

"He is very like, very like," she murmured, looking long and earnestly at the grand cavalcade.

"Like unto whom, my dear?" asked Mrs. Nancy Geddings, the youngest daughter of Sir Fortunatus, who was her companion in the coach that day.

"Very like unto him who is at Home in the West yonder," she made answer. "Now take me back to Ludgate, Nancy sweet, for I am sick."

She was to be humored in everything, and she was taken home as she desired. It chanced, a few days after this, that word came that his Highness the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England (for to such State had Oliver grown) designed to visit the City, to dine with the citizens at Guildhall. There was to be a great pageant. He was to be met at Temple Bar by the Mayor and Alderman, and to be escorted towards Cheapside by those city Trainbands which had done such execution on the Parliament side during the wars, and by the Companies with their Livery banners. Foreign ambassadors were to bear him company; for Oliver was then at the height of his power, and had made the name of England dreaded, and even his own prowess respected, by all nations that were beyond sea. He was to hear a sermon at Bow Church at noon, and at two o'clock—for the preacher was to be Mr. Hugh Peters, who always gave his congregation a double turn of the hour-glass—he was to dine at the Guildhall, where I know not how many geese, bustards, capons, pheasants, ruffs and reeves, sirloins, shoulders of veal, pasties, sweet puddings, jellies, and custards, with good store of Rhenish and Canary, and Bordelais and Burgundian wines, were provided to furnish a banquet worthy of the day. For although the Protectorate was a stern, sad period, and Oliver was (or had schooled himself to be) a temperate man, the citizens had not quite forgotten their love of good cheer; and the Protector himself was not averse from the keeping up some state and splendor, Whitehall being now well nigh as splendid as in the late King's time; and his Highness sitting with his make-believe lords around him (Lisle, Whitelocke, and the rest), and eating his meat to the sound of trumpets, and being otherwise puffed up with vanity.

The good folks with whom Arabella was sojourning thought it might help to cure her of her sad moping ways if she saw the grand pageant go by, and mingled in the merriment and feasting which the ladies of Sir Fortunatus's family—the Knight himself being bidden to the Guildhall—proposed to give their neighbors on the day when Oliver came into the city. To this intent, the windows of their house without Ludgate were all taken out of their frames, and the casements themselves hung with rich cloths and tapestries, and decked with banners. And an open house was kept, literally, meats and wines and sweets being set out in every room, even to the bed-chambers, and all of the Turkey merchant's acquaintance being bidden to come in and help themselves, and take a squeeze at the windows to see his Highness go by. Only one window on the first floor was set apart, and here sat the ladies of the family, with Mistress Deborah Clay, the Remembrancer's lady, and one that was sister to a Judge of Commonwealth's Bench, and Arabella Greenville, who was for a wonder quite cheerful and sprightly that morning, and who had for her neighbor one Lady Lisle, the wife of John Lisle, one of Cromwell's Chief Councillors and Commissioners of the Great Seal.*

The time that passed between their taking seats and the coming of the pageant was passed pleasantly enough; not in drinking of healths, which practice was then considered as closely akin to an unlawful thing, but in laughing and quaffing, and whispering of merry jests. For I have usually found that, be the Rule of Church and State ever so sour and stern, folks *will* laugh and quaff and jest on the sly, and be merry in the green tree, if they are forced to be sad in the dry.

There was a gentleman standing behind Arabella, a counsellor of Lincoln's Inn I think, who was telling a droll story of Mr. President Bradshaw to his friend from the Temple. Not greatly a person of whom to relate merry tales, I should think, that terrible Boucher, who sat at the head of the High Commission, clothed in his scarlet robe, and passed judgment upon his lord the King. But still these gentlemen laughed loud and long, as one told the other how the President lay very sick, sick almost to death, at his country house; and how, he being one that was in the Commission of the Chancellorship, had taken them away with him, and would by no means surrender them, keeping them under his pillow, night and day; wherefore one of his brother commissioners was fain to seek him out, and press him hard to give up the seals, saying that the business of the nation was at a standstill, for they could neither seal patents nor pardons. But all in vain, Bradshaw crying out in a voice that, though weak, was still terrible, that he would never give them up, but would carry them with him into the next world; whereat quoth the other commissioner, "*By —, Mr. President, they will certainly melt if you do.*" And at this tale the gentleman from Lincoln's Inn and he from the Temple both laughed so, that Arabella, who had been listening without eavesdropping, burst into a fit of laughter too; only my Lady Lisle (who had likewise heard the story) regarded her with a very grim and dissatisfied countenance, and murmured that she thought a little trailing up before the Council, and committing to the Gatehouse, would do some popinjays some good, and cure them of telling tales as treasonable as they were scurrilous.

But now came a great noise of trumpets and hautboys and drums, and the great pageant came streaming up towards Ludgate, a troop of Oliver's own Body-Guard on iron-gray chargers clearing the way, which they did with scant respect for the lives and limbs of the crowd, and with very little scruple either in bruising the Trainbands with their horses' hoofs and the flat of their broadswords. As Arabella leant forward to see the show approach, something hard, and it would seem of metal, that she carried beneath her mantle, struck against the arm of my Lady Lisle, who, being a woman of somewhat quick temper, cried out,

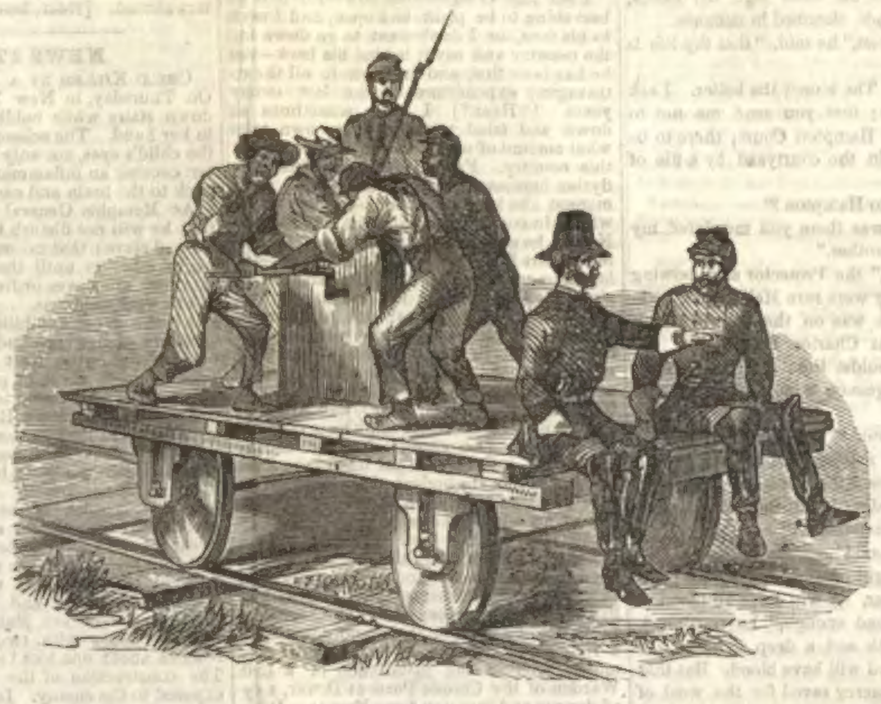
"Methinks that you carry a pocket-flask with you, Mistress Greenville, instead of a vial of essences. That which you have must hold a pint at least."

"I do carry such a flask," answered Arabella, "and, please God, there are those here to-day who shall drink of it even to the Dregs."

This speech was afterwards remembered against her as a proof of her Intent.

All, however, were speedily too busy with watching the show go by to take much heed of any word passage between the two women.

* This Lady Lisle was a very virulent partisan woman, and, according to my grandmother's showing, was so bitter against the Crown that, being taken when a young woman to see the execution of King Charles, and seeing one who pressed to the scaffold after the blow to dip her kerchief in the martyr's blood, she cried out "that she needed no such relic; but that she would willingly drink the tyrant's blood." This is the same Alice Lisle who afterwards, in King James's time, suffered at Winchester for harboring two of the Western rebels.



"TRAVELLING IN STATE."

GEN. BURNSIDE ON THE ROAD FROM NEWBERN TO BEAUFORT, N. C.

There is a remarkable simplicity of character about General Burnside, which renders even his commonest actions interesting. Nevertheless, he always preserves the dignity of his position, and there is no instance of any of the thousands who approach him forgetting the respect they owe to his station and his achievements. Mr. Schell was much struck by the easy manner in which he occasionally takes his trips from one point to another in his command. Having occasion to proceed with great dispatch from Newbern to Beaufort, General Burnside, with one of his aids and an orderly, mounted a handcar, and in that simple fashion performed his journey.—*Frank Leslie's Paper.*

Now it was Mistress Deborah Clay pointing out the Remembrancer to her gossip; now the flaunting banners of the Companies, now the velvet robes of the Lord of the Council were looked upon; now a great cry arose that his Highness was coming.

He came in his coach drawn by eight Holstein mares, one of his lords by his side, and his two chaplains, with a gentleman of the bed-chamber sitting over against. He wore a rich suit of brown velvet puffed with white satin, a bright gorget of silver,—men said that he wore mail beneath his clothes,—boots and gauntlets of yellow Spanish, a great baldric of cloth-of-gold, and in his hat a buckle of diamonds and a red feather. Yet, bravely as he was attired, those who knew him declared that they had never seen Oliver look so careworn and so miserable as he did that day.

By a kind of fate, he turned his glance upwards as he passed the house of the Turkey merchant, and those cruel eyes met the fierce gaze of Arabella Greenville.

"Blood for Blood!" she cried out in a loud clear voice; and she drew a Pistol from the folds of her mantle, and fired downwards, and with unerring aim, at the Protector's head.

My Lady Lisle saw the deed done. "Jezebel!" she shrieked, striking the weapon from Arabella's hand.

Oliver escaped unharmed, but by an almost miracle. The bullet had struck him, as it was aimed, directly in the centre of his forehead, he wearing his hat much slouched over his brow; but it had struck—not his skull, but the diamond buckle, and glancing off from that hard mass, sped out of the coach-window again, on what errand none could tell, for it was heard of no more. I have often wondered what became of all the bullets I have let fly.

The stoppage of the coach; the Protector half stunned; the chaplain paralysed with fear; the Trainbands in a frenzy—half of terror, half of strong drink—firing off their pieces hap-hazard at the windows, and shouting out that this was a plot of the Papists or the Malignants; the crowd surging, the Body-Guard galloping to and fro; the poor standard-bearers tripping themselves up with their own poles,—all this made a mad turmoil in the street without Ludgate. But the Protector had speedily found all his senses, and had whispered a word or two to a certain Sergeant in whom he placed great trust, and pointed his finger to a certain window. Then the Sergeant being gone away, orders were given for the pageant to move on; and through Ludgate, and by Paul's, and up Cheape, and to Bow Church, it moved accordingly. Mr. Hugh Peters preached for two hours as though nothing had happened. Being doubtless under instructions, he made not the slightest allusion to the late tragic attempt; and at the banquet afterwards at the Guildhall there were only a few trifling rumors that his Highness had been shot at by a mad woman from a window in Fleet Street; denial, however, being speedily given to this by persons in authority, who declared that the disturbance without Ludgate had arisen simply from a drunken soldier of the Trainbands firing his musketoon into the air for joy.

But the Sergeant, with some soldiers of the Protector's own, walked tranquilly into the house of Sir Fortunatus Geddinge, and into the upper chamber, where the would-be Avenger of Blood was surrounded by a throng of men and women gazing upon her, half in horror, and half in admiration. The Sergeant beckoned to her, and she arose without a murmur, and went with him and the soldiers, two only being left as sentinels, to see that no one stirred from the house till orders came. By this time, from Ludgate to Blackfriars all was soldiers, the crowd being thrust away east and west; and, between a lane of pikemen, Arabella was brought into the street, hurried through the narrow lanes behind Apothecaries' Hall, and so through the alleys to Blackfriars Stairs, where a barge was in waiting, which bore her swiftly away to Whitehall.

"You have flown at high game, mistress," was the only remark made to her by the Sergeant.

She was locked up for many hours in an inner chamber, the windows being closed, and a lamp set on the table. They bound her, but, mindful of her sex and youth, not in fetters, or even with ropes, contenting themselves with fastening her arms tightly behind her with the Sergeant's silken sash. For the Sergeant was of Cromwell's own guard, and was of great authority.

At about nine at night the Sergeant and two soldiers came for her, and so brought her, through many corridors, to Cromwell's own chamber, where she found him still with his hat and baldric on, sitting at a table covered with green velvet.

"What prompted thee to seek my life?" he asked, without anger, but in a slow, cold, searching voice.

"Blood for blood!" she answered, with undaunted mien.

"What evil have I done thee, that thou shouldst seek my blood?"

"What evil—what evil, Moloch?—all! Thou hast slain the King my lord and master. Thou has slain the dear brother who was my playmate, and my father's hope and pride. Thou hast slain the sweet and gallant youth who was to have been my husband."

"Thou art that Arabella Greenville, then, the daughter of the wavering half-hearted Esquire of the West."

"I am the daughter of a gentleman of long descent. I am Arabella Greenville; and I cry for vengeance for the blood of Charles Stuart, for the blood of Richard Greenville, for the blood of Francis Villiers. Blood for blood!"

That terrible gleam of madness leapt out of her blue eyes, and, all bound as she was, she rushed towards the Protector as though in her fury she would have spurned him with her foot, or torn him with her teeth. The Segeant for his part made as though he would have drawn his sword upon her; but Oliver laid his hand on the arm of his officer, and bade him forbear.

"Leave the maiden alone with me," he said, calmly; "wait within call. She can do no harm." Then, when the soldiers had withdrawn, he walked to and fro in the room for many minutes, ever and anon turning his head and gazing fixedly on the prisoner, who stood erect, her head high, her hands, for all their bonds, clenched in defiance.

"Thou knowest," he said, "that thy life is forfeit."

"I care not. The sooner the better. I ask but one mercy; that you send me not to Tyburn, but to Hampton Court; there to be shot to death in the courtyard by a file of musketeers."

"Wherefore to Hampton?"

"Because it was there you murdered my lover and my brother."

"I remember," the Protector said, bowing his head. "They were rare Malignants, both. I remember; it was on the same thirtieth of January that Charles Stuart died the death. But shouldst thou not, too, bear in mind that Vengeance is not thine, but the Lord's?"

"Blood for blood!"

"Thou art a maiden of stern resolve and a strong will," said the Protector musingly. "If thou art pardoned, wilt thou promise repentance and amendment?"

"Blood for blood!"

"Poor distraught creature," this once cruel man made answer, "I will have no blood of thine. I have had enough," he continued, with a dark look and a deep sigh; "I am weary; and blood will have blood. But that my life was in mercy saved for the weal of these kingdoms, thou mightest have done with me, Arabella Greenville, according to thy desires."

He paused, as though for some expression of sorrow; but she was silent.

"Thou art hardened," he resumed; "it may be that there are things that *cannot* be forgiven."

"There are," she said firmly.

"I spare thy life," the Lord Protector continued; "but, Arabella Greenville, thou must go into Captivity. Until I am Dead, we two cannot be at large together. But I will not doom thee to a solitary prison. Thou shalt have a companion in durance. Yes," he ended, speaking between his teeth, and more to himself than to her, "she shall join Him yonder in his lifelong prison. Blood for Blood; the Slayer and the Avenger shall be together."

She was taken back to her place of confinement, where meat and drink were placed before her, and a tiring-woman attended her with a change of garments. And at day-break the next morning she was taken away in a litter towards Colchester in Essex.

LARGE ARMIES.

The following facts, culled from the fields of ancient story, may be of some interest at the present time:

The city of Thebes had a hundred gates, and could send out at each gate 10,000 fighting men and 200 chariots—in all 1,000,000 men and 2,000 chariots.

The army of Trerah, King of Ethiopia, consisted of 1,000,000 men and 300 chariots of war.

Sesostris, King of Egypt, led against his enemies 600,000 men, 24,000 cavalry, and 27 scythe-armed chariots, 1491 B. C.

Hamilcar went from Carthage, and landed near Palermo. He had a fleet of 2,000 ships and 3,000 small vessels, and a land force of 300,000 men. At the battle in which he was defeated, 150,000 were slain.

A Roman fleet, led by Regulus against Carthage, consisted of 330 vessels, with 140,000 men. The Carthagenian fleet numbered 350 vessels, with 150,000 men.

At the battle of Cannæ, there were of the Romans, including allies, 80,000 foot and 6,000 horse; of the Carthagenians 40,000 foot and 10,000 horse. Of these, 70,000 were slain in all, and 10,000 taken prisoners; more than half slain.

Hannibal, during his campaign in Italy and Spain, plundered 400 towns and destroyed 300,000 men.

Ninus, the Assyrian king, about 2,300 years B. C., led against the Bactrians his army, consisting of 1,700,000 foot, 200,000 horse, and 16,000 chariots armed with scythes.

Italy, a little before Hannibal's time, was able to send into the field nearly 1,000,000 men.

Semiramis employed 2,000,000 men in building the mighty Babylon. She took 100,000 Indian prisoners at the Indus, and sunk 1,000 boats.

Sennacherib lost in a single night 185,000 men by the destroying angel—2 Kings, 19: 35-37.

A short time after the taking of Babylon, the forces of Cyrus consisted of 600,000 foot, 120,000 horse, and 2,000 chariots armed with scythes.

An army of Cambyses, 50,000 strong, was buried up in the desert sands of Africa by a south wind.

When Xerxes arried at Thermopylæ, his land and sea forces amounted to 2,641,610, exclusive of servants, eunuchs, women, sutlers, &c., in all numbering 5,283,320. So say Herodotus, Plutarch, and Isocrates.

The army of Artaxerxes, before the battle of Cunaxa, amounted to about 1,200,000.

Ten thousand horses and 100,000 foot fell on the fatal field of Issus.

When Jerusalem was taken by Titus, 1,100,000 perished in various ways.

The force of Darius at Arbela, numbered more than 1,000,000. The Persians lost 90,000 men in this battle; Alexander about 500 men. So says Diodorus. Artan says the Persians, in this battle, lost 300,000; the Greeks 1,200.

The army of Tamerlane is said to have amounted to 1,600,000, and that of his antagonist, Bajazot, 1,400,000.

☞ An incorrigible wag, who lent a minister a horse which ran away and threw his clerical rider, thought he should have some credit for his aid in *spreading the gospel.*

SPEECH OF MR. COBDEN.

One of the most remarkable speeches delivered during the present session of the English House of Commons, is that in which Mr. Cobden, on August 1, reviewed the policy of the Palmerston Ministry. We give a few passages:—

I tell him (Palmerston) now—for it is the best thing to be plain and open, and I say it to his face, for I don't want to go down into the country and say it behind his back—that he has been first and foremost in all the extravagant expenditure of the last twenty years. ["Hear."] I have sometimes sit down and tried to settle in my own mind what amount of money the noble lord has cost this country. From 1840, dating from that Syrian business which first occasioned a permanent rise in our estimates—by the way in which, in conjunction with the late Admiral Napier, he constantly stimulated and worried Sir Robert Peel to increase expenditure—taking into account his Chinese wars, his Affghan, his Persian war; his expeditions here, there and everywhere; his fortification scheme—which I suppose we must now accept with all its consequences of increased military expenditure—the least I can put the noble lord down to have cost us is £100,000,000 sterling. ["Hear, hear," and a laugh.] Now, with all his merits, I think he is very dear at the price. [Laughter.] But how has the noble lord managed to get this expenditure increased from the budget of the right honorable gentleman opposite in 1858 to the budget of my right honorable friend below by £8,800,000? It has been by a constant and systematic agitation in this country. He has been the greatest agitator I know in favor of expensive establishments. [Hear, hear.] It has always been, either in this House, or at a Lord Mayor's feast, or at a school meeting or a rifle corps meeting, or a mediæval ceremony, such as the installation of a Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports at Dover, a cry of danger and invasion from France. It is a very curious and extraordinary thing. The noble lord and his friends came into office on two grounds—that they would give us a better reform bill than honorable gentlemen opposite, and that they were the party which could always keep us on friendly terms with France. It has ended in their kicking reform out of existence altogether [cheers,] and we have had nothing but a cry of invasion from France ever since. [Cheers.]

* * * * *

I do not believe the country or the House is at all aware that we are at present without a fleet. I shall now, with the permission of the House, read an extract from an American paper, to show what is thought on the subject on the other side of the Atlantic. This is a passage from an article in a late number of the New York Evening Post, in which the writer says:—

"But it may be urged that the French and English fleets would open the ports of the South in spite of our resistance. The answer to this is, that the experience of our civil war has taught us to despise such fleets as the French and English Governments have now on foot, so far as attacks on our seaport towns are concerned. It has taught us to resist them by vessels sheathed in massive plates of iron, mighty engines encased in mail, too heavy for deep-sea navigation, but well adapted to harbor defence, and of power sufficient to crush in pieces and send to the bottom, with their crews, the wooden ships on which England has hitherto prided herself. With these engines we might sink the transport ships bringing the European armies, as soon as they appeared in our waters."

Now, there is not, I think, an intelligent naval man who will not indorse that doctrine. Admiral Denman, in a pamphlet which has probably been placed in the hands of other honorable members as well as my own, observes:—

"And, again, with respect to the invulnerable ships in which France has taken and kept the lead, it is equally agreed on all hands that a fleet built of wood must be certainly destroyed in a conflict with iron-plated ships. A French author scarcely overstates the case when he compares an iron-plated ship among ships of wood to a lion among a flock of sheep."

[Hear.] I hear distinguished naval men cheering the sentiment, and therefore I conclude it is unquestioned. If that be so, what becomes of the responsibility of the Government? [Hear.] I see before me one of the greatest merchants in England. Suppose he, or some great wholesale dealer, employed a clerk to manage a large department of his business, as is constantly done, and finds some fine spring morning that department crammed with goods of a perfectly unsaleable character; suppose, moreover, this clerk or superintendent had ample opportunity of knowing what description of goods would be wanting in the market, do you think his employer would allow him to escape without a reprimand under the circumstances, especially if he were to run up to him and say, "Oh, we are quite out of the market. Mr. So and So has got suitable goods; we have no chance against him!" Yet this is a parallel to the course which has been pursued by the Government. The Admiralty knew they were without a fleet capable of meeting modern vessels, but instead of coming down to the House and being filled with remorse at their remissness in the discharge of their duties, they actually bully us, as the noble lord has repeatedly done. [Hear, hear.]

* * * * * * * *

Then again, the exhibition in Canada is just on a par with it. When my honorable friend, the member from Birmingham, spoke on that subject, I intended to come and speak too, but in the early spring I was denied the use of my voice. I will say a word or two upon it now. I know that country well. I have been along the frontier from the St Lawrence to Lake Michigan. I know both sides. I know the population. I have been there more than once. That again was a sensation policy on a par with the sensation articles of the New York papers. In November the noble lord hears that a vessel has been stopped by an American cruiser. He heard before the middle of December, by the American Minister, that that act was without the instructions or the cognizance of the American Government, and he had full reason to believe that the whole thing would be explained and satisfactorily arranged. [Loud cries of "No!" from the Opposition benches.] Then I will give gentlemen their own way, and say the noble lord had not full reason to believe that the whole thing would be satisfactorily arranged. It makes no difference in what I am about to state. The frontier of Canada is hermetically closed by ice and snow until the month of March. The noble lord hurried over 8,000 or 10,000 troops to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and many to my knowledge are there still, and have not reached Canada at all. The noble lord sent supplies and sledges which all the horses in Canada could not have drawn, but must have been put upon the sledges of the country, so that the sooner they were burnt the better. All these hasty, rash proceedings were done before the noble lord would wait to hear what the answer was from the American Government. If he had waited until the first week in January he would still have had three months to send out reinforcements before operations on the lakes and rivers which divide Canada from America were possible. Our troops were not wanted in Canada in the depth of winter; they might as well have been at home. To spend a million of money in that way—money which would have solaced the hearts and homes of the famishing people in Lancashire—was a wanton waste of public treasure. [Hear, hear.] It was part of the policy of the noble lord, which has always been a "sensation" policy, the object being to govern the country by constantly diverting its attention from home affairs to matters abroad. [Hear, hear.]

NEWS ITEMS.

Child Killed by a Pair of Scissors.—On Thursday, in New York, a little girl fell down stairs while holding a pair of scissors in her hand. The scissors punctured one of the child's eyes, not only destroying the sight, but causing an inflammation which extended back to the brain and caused death.

At Memphis General Sherman announces that he will not disturb the relations of master and slave; that no wages shall be paid to negro laborers until the courts decide whether they are slaves or free, and that they are not to wear uniforms.

At the great exhibition in London, as a specimen of fine type and printing, there is a copy of the entire New Testament, printed upon a single sheet of paper. Although so small, the type is stated to be very clear.

Another Gunboat Ready.—A letter to the Cleveland Plaindealer says that the new gunboat Chillicothe is now nearly ready for service. She was built by Messrs. Brown & McCord, of Cincinnati. Her length is 150 feet, and breadth of beam 50 feet. She was built expressly for service in the small streams and shallow waters of the Tennessee and Cumberland; hence she is made of light draught, say three feet when all ready for sea, with armament and all on board. The turret and bow are plated with three-inch iron, the sides with two inch. The plate reaches about one foot below the water line. The construction of the turret is not at all exposed to the enemy. It is also made bomb proof.

A few weeks since Lazarus Silverman, Esq., a well-known banker doing business in Chicago, left for Memphis with the avowed purpose of purchasing cotton. Mr. Silverman carried with him nearly $30,000 in gold. Result—Mr. Silverman betrayed to guerillas, robbed of his gold, and sent to a Memphis jail.

Rev. Mr. Payne, of Rocheport, Boone county, Missouri, who was recently reported to have been robbed on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad of $42,000, has recovered the whole amount. He had dropped the package, and it fell into honest hands.

Gov. Andrew's instructions to the assessors of Massachusetts tell them to include colored citizens in the enrolment of men subject to draft.

Toast for Sick Soldiers.—The Cleveland Herald says a Pittsburg lady, while passing over the Pennsylvania Central Railroad a few days ago, on her return from visiting the sick soldiers of the army of the Potomac, remarked that no one article of food was more welcomed by the sick than dry toast. She said—"If the people will only toast barrels of bread and send it on, they will get the thanks of the soldiers." The bread should be toasted on both sides, so as thoroughly to expel all moisture, and then packed in clean barrels. It will keep a long time, and bear rough transportation.

The Chief of the Mohawk Indians at Oxford.—Orthathytanks, chief of the Mowhawk tribe of Indians, who arrived at the University of Oxford some time back, for the purpose of completing his education under the direction of Dr. Acland, Regius Professor of Medicine, has matriculated at St. Edmund Hall, to undergo the usual course of study pursued at that ancient University. After completing his studies at St. Edmund Hall, it is probable he will enter one of the large medical schools in London, in order to qualify himself for the degree of Doctor of Medicine. —*English Paper.*

The Evening Post announces that Cassius M. Clay is about to resume his position as Minister to the Court of St. Petersburg. He will return about the first of October; the settled policy of the Administration on the slavery question, it is intimated, precluding him from entering the military service. Mr. Cameron, meanwhile, according to the same authority, has notified the Government of his desire to "leave Russia, and return to the United States." Queer diplomatic moves, these, which may mean much more than is indicated on the surface. [Other accounts say that the President insists upon Gen. Clay's accepting a military position at home.]

The recent order of the War Department to prevent the evasion of military duty, was for the purpose of compelling every citizen of the United States subject to military duty to bear his share in supporting the Government. Instructions on the subject have been issued to military commandants, marshals, and police officers, so that individual pursuits and business will be interfered with as little as possible, and limit the operations of the order to cases of evasion.

"Sickness from Exposure to a Draft."—A man in New Haven procured a certificate of exemption from military service by the following process: "Having procured a pair of old boots, he deliberately *knocked off the heel of one,* and as deliberately walked into the doctor's office. There was necessarily an inequality in the length of the pedals, and a peculiar 'dot-and-go-one' gait, that could not be mistaken. A certificate of 'defective limbs' was pocketed, and the relieved teamster departed."

We are informed that Capt. Wood, of the bark Cleone, picked up last May, in latitude 34 N, longitude 44 W, a barrel of flour marked "Maj. Anderson, Fort Sumter." The barrel was covered with barnacles. The flour was perfectly dry in the interior, having been wet only about four inches through from the exterior.—*New Bedford Standard.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to this Journal. Among all our exchanges there is no paper devoted to general subjects of family interest, which, in our opinion, ranks higher than this. Parents who are desirous of cultivating in their children a taste for reading, may subscribe for the paper without fear that in its columns there are any sentiments that are not in the largest degree promotive of health, happiness and virtue. We are not of those who disbelieve in the uses and beneficial results of fictitious reading, but just to the degree that we have confidence in story-telling are we disgusted with the nonsensical and miserable trash that is so extensively afloat. The editors of the Post however are careful in the selection of all the tales which are printed in their paper, and they find their reward in the extensive circulation of their journal, and the great satisfaction which they give to their readers. We see in the last number of the Post a statement that they are about to publish a new tale by Mrs. Wood, who ranks among the very highest female writers at present actively engaged in literary pursuits in Great Britain. We have read some of the stories of Mrs. Wood to our great delight, and shall look forward to the new tale which the editors promise the readers of the Post, with a good deal of interest. Trusting that it may come regularly to us as an exchange, we wish the proprietors and all connected with it great prosperity and peace.—*Lakes of Life, (August number,) Dansville, N. Y.*

THE SCHEME OF COLONIZATION

Interview Between the President and a Committee of Colored Men—Remarks of the President.

Washington, Aug. 14.—This afternoon, the President of the United States gave audience to a committee of colored men, at the White House. They were introduced by the Rev. J. Mitchell, Commissioner of Emigration.

E. M. Thomas, the chairman of the delegation, remarked that they were there by invitation, to hear what the Executive had to say to them.

Having all been seated, the President, after a few preliminary observations, informed them that a sum of money had been appropriated by Congress and placed at his discretion, for the purpose of aiding the colonization, in some country, of the people, or a portion of them, of African descent; thereby making it his duty, as it had for a long time been his inclination, to favor that cause.

"And why," he asked, "should the people of your race be colonized anywhere? Why should they leave this country? This is perhaps the first question for consideration.

"You and we are different races. We have between us a broader difference than exists between almost any other two races. Whether it is right or wrong I need not discuss; but this physical difference is a great disadvantage to us both, as I think. Your race suffer very greatly, many of them by living among us; while ours suffer from your presence. In a word we suffer from each other.

"If this is admitted, it affords a reason at least why we should be separated. You here are freemen, I suppose. (A voice, 'Yes, sir.') Perhaps you have long been free, or all your lives. Your race is suffering, in my judgment, the greatest wrong inflicted on any people; but even when you cease to be slaves, you are yet far removed from being placed on an equality with the white race. You are cut off from many of the advantages which the other race enjoy. The aspiration of men is to enjoy equality with the best, when free; but on this broad continent not a man of your race is made the equal of a single man of ours. Go where you are treated the best and the ban is still upon you.

"I do not propose to discuss this, but present it is as a fact which we have to deal with. I cannot alter it if I would. It is a fact about which we all think and feel alike, I and you. We look to our condition, owing to the existence of the two races on this continent. I need not recount to you the effects upon white men growing out of the institution of slavery. I believe in its general evil effects on the white race. See our present condition—the country engaged in war—our white men cutting each other's throats, none knowing how far it will extend—and then consider what we know to be the truth. But for your race among us there could not be war; although many men engaged on either side do not care for you one way or the other. Nevertheless, I repeat, without the institution of slavery and the colored race as a basis, the war could not have an existence. It is better for us both, therefore, to be separated.

"I know that there are freemen among you who, even if they could better their condition, are not inclined to go out of the country. As those who, being slaves, could obtain their freedom on this condition, I suppose one of the principal difficulties in the way of colonization is that the free colored man cannot see that his comfort would be advanced by it. You may believe that you can live better in Washington or elsewhere in the United States during the remainder of your life—perhaps more so than you can in any foreign country—and hence you may come to the conclusion that you have nothing to do with the idea of going to a foreign country. This is (I speak in no unkind sense) an extremely selfish view of the case. You ought to do something to help those who are not so fortunate as yourselves. There is an unwillingness on the part of our people, harsh as it may be, for you free colored people to remain with us. Now, if you could give a start to the white people, you would open a wide door for many to be made free. If we deal with those who are not free at the beginning, and whose intellects are clouded by slavery, we have very poor material to start with it. If intelligent colored men, such as are before me, would move in this matter, much might be accomplished. It is exceedingly important that we have men at the beginning capable of thinking as white men, and not those who have been systematically oppressed.

"There is much to encourage you for the sake of your race. You should sacrifice something of your present comfort for the purpose of being as grand in that respect as the white people. It is a cheering thought throughout life that something can be done to ameliorate the condition of those who have been subject to the hard usages of the world. It is difficult to make a man miserable while he feels that he is worthy of himself and claims kindred to the great God who made him. In the American Revolutionary war sacrifices were made by men engaged in it, but they were cheered by the future. Gen. Washington himself endured greater physical hardships than if he had remained a British subject; yet he was a happy man, because he was engaged in benefitting his race—something for the children of his neighbors, having none of his own.

"The colony of Liberia has been in existence for a long time. In a certain sense it is a success. The old President of Liberia (Roberts) has just been with me, the first time I ever saw him. He says they have within the bounds of that colony between three and four hundred thousand people, or more than there are in some of our old States, such as Rhode Island or Delaware, or in some of the new States, and less than in some of the larger ones. They are not all American colonists or their descendants. Something less than 12,000 have been sent thither from this country. Many of the original settlers have died; yet, like people elsewhere, their offspring outnumber those deceased.

"The question is, if the colored people are persuaded to go anywhere, why not there? One reason for an unwillingness to do so is that some of you would rather remain within reach of the country of your nativity. I do not know how much attachment you may have toward our race. It does not strike me that you have the greatest reason to love them, but still you are attached to them at all events.

"The place I am thinking about having for a colony is in Central America. It is nearer to us than Liberia—not much more than one-fourth as far as Liberia, and within seven days' run by steamers. Unlike Liberia, it is in a great line of travel. It is a highway. The country is a very excellent one for any people, and with great natural resources and advantages, and especially because of the similarity of climate with your native land, thus being suited to your physical condition. The particular place I have in view is to be a great highway from the Atlantic or Caribbean Sea to the Pacific Ocean, and this particular place has all the advantages for a colony. On both sides there are harbors, among the first in the world. Again, there is evidence of very rich coal mines. A certain amount of coal is valuable in any country, and there may be more than enough for the wants of the country. Why I attach so much importance to coal is that it will afford an opportunity to the inhabitants for immediate employment till they get ready to settle in their homes. If you take colonists where there is no good landing, there is a bad show, and so where there is nothing to cultivate, and of which to make a farm. But if something is started so that you can get your daily bread as soon as you reach there, it is a great advantage. Coal land is the best thing I know of with which to commence an enterprise.

"To return. You have been talked to upon this subject, and told that a speculation is intended by gentlemen who have an interest in the country, including the coal mines. We have been mistaken all our lives if we do not know that whites as well as blacks look to their self-interest. Unless among those deficient in intellect everybody you trade with makes something. You meet with these things here and elsewhere. If such have what will be an advantage to them, the question is whether it cannot be of advantage to you. You are intelligent and know that success does not depend so much on external help as self-reliance. Much, therefore, depends upon yourselves. As to the coal mines I think I see means available for your self-reliance.

"I shall, if I get a sufficient number of you engaged, have provisions made that you shall not be wronged. If you engage in the enterprize, I will spend some of the money entrusted to me. I am not sure you will succeed. The Government may lose the money; but we cannot succeed unless we try. But we think, with care, we can succeed.

"The political affairs of Central America are not in quite as satisfactory a condition as I wish. There are contending factions in that quarter; but it is true that all the factions are agreed alike on the subject of colonization, and want it. They are more generous than we are here. To your colored race they have no objection. Besides, I would endeavor to have you made equals. I have the best assurance that you would then be the equals of the best.

"The practical thing I want to know is, whether I can get a number of able-bodied men, with their wives and children, who are willing to go when I present evidence of encouragement and protection. Could I get a hundred liberally intelligent men, with their wives and children, 'to cut their own fodder,' so to speak? Can I have fifty? If I could find twenty-five able-bodied men, with a mixture of women and children (good things in the family relation,) I think I could make a successful commencement. I want you to let me know whether this can be done or not.

"This is the practical part of my wish to see you. These are subjects of very great importance, worthy of a month's study, or a speech delivered in an hour. I ask you, then, to consider seriously—not as pertaining to yourselves merely, nor for your race and ours for the present time, but as one of the things, if successfully managed, for the good of mankind; not confirmed to the present question, but as

"'From age to age descends the lay,
To millions yet to be;
Till far its echoes roll away
Into eternity.'"

[The above is merely given as the substance of the President's remarks.]

The Chairman of the delegation briefly replied that they would hold a consultation and in a short time give an answer.

The President said—"Take your full time. No hurry at all."

The delegation then withdrew.

☞ A roaring tornado, unroofing houses and uprooting forests, may be less calamitous than a low whisper from the lips of a mischievous woman, which has the power to unroof reputations and uproot happiness.

☞ Poisonous Paper-Hangings Superseded.—The discovery of a beautiful green, made of sulphate of aniline and petric acid, digested in spirit of naphtha, provides a perfect and harmless substitute for the arsenical green color.—*Builder.*

☞ There is a man living in Brooklyn so convinced that the majority are always wrong, that he generally believes himself mistaken when any person agrees with him.

☞ How to do Good.—Dr. Johnson wisely said, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do anything."

☞ Good Taste.—True taste is an excellent economist. She confines her choice to a few objects, and delights in producing great effect by small means; while false taste is for ever sighing after the new and rare.—*Samuel Rogers.*

☞ Cannot Humbug the Germans.—A band of "negro minstrels" has been driven out of Germany, because, as the German press stated, "the black could be rubbed off their faces, and there was not a real black man among them."

☞ Campaigning in India.—The habits that Europeans acquire in this country are most luxurious; for instance, even when campaigning, unless actually under weigh, the first thing that awakens me in the morning is my kitmagar with a cup of delicious coffee; I drink this, half awake, and go to sleep again on the other side, and presently have visions of a warm-water lather on my face, and the light touch of a keen razor, wielded by a skillful and unerring hand; a soft handkerchief dipped in warm water seems to be gently passed over my chin, and when I awake about an hour afterwards, lo! I am shaved.

☞ Prayer of a Texan Ranger.—In the California Mercury, we find the following delectable prayer by a Texan Ranger:—

"Oh, Lord, thou knowest that this thing of praying is altogether out of my line, and as hard for me to do as for Wigfall to keep sober, or Jeff. Davis to be made pay his debts, or Floyd to keep from stealing. But Thou knowest we are some on tangle-foot whiskey, good at horse-racing, and tip-top at poker, and can hold four aces about as often as Jim Morgan, 'or any other man.' Help us this day, for we are in a peck of trouble, and it will be the last time I'll ever trouble you. Amen!"

☞ A country exchange threatens that if all the old bachelors in the town where it is published do not get married in three months, it will give a list of their names in its columns. These are war times, the bachelors should remember.

☞ Says little three-year old Ruth—"Papa, please buy me a muff when you go to Boston." Sister Minnie, standing by, says—"You are too little to have a muff." "Am I too little to be *cold?*" rejoins indignant little Ruth.

THE BRITISH SPOILS TAKEN DURING THE REBELLION IN INDIA.

The Friend of India, published at Calcutta, furnishes the following accounts of the rich prizes of gold, gems and jewels rare, secured as prize money by the British troops during the rebellion in India. It is very appropriate as a companion article to the recent denunciations of certain English papers relative to the American Confiscation Bill. What an innocent lamb Bull, according to his own account, always is! But hear the *Friend of India*:

On Monday night a sight will be witnessed in Calcutta without a parallel in the history of India, and most suggestive to him who would understand the career of the British in the East. The Kirwee spoil will be sold by auction. Of its former owners, the two foolish youths, Narain Rao and Mado Rao, who fled from Kirwee when Sir George Whitlock was as yet within two marches of their palace, *one has since died as a State prisoner* in Hazareebaugh, and the other, a cousin of Nana Sahib, is now being educated in Bareilly.

Too young to be responsible for the disloyalty of 1857, he is receiving from the British Government the best inheritance—a good education—and on arriving at years of discretion will doubtless be honorably treated as a pensioned feudatory. Meanwhile the wealth heaped up in the palace at Kirwee, such that one officer describes himself as literally wading among jewels and bricks of gold, will be brought to the auctioneer's hammer. The gold and silver coins, with the exception of such as are of value to the numismatist, and the bricks of solid metal have been melted down into ingots. The whole booty is expected to realize for the army who lighted upon it a sum of not less than half a million sterling. But, besides this, cash to the amount of 50 lacs of rupees was captured in the Palace and in the district, and at once made over to Government, which in those days of financial deficits found it a seasonable aid.

The prize agent holds a receipt for this sum, with interest at 6 per cent., so that if it is considered prize the whole of the spoil of Kirwee and Banda will be considerably above a million sterling. *Not only so, but the state has confiscated the sum of £325,000, which the brothers had in the funds, as well as their estates, which yielded a rental of £80,000 a year.* As we read the catalogue of the spoil to be sold on Monday and succeeding days, and gaze upon the wealth of gold and jewels displayed by Messrs. Hamilton & Co., we can realize the not too extravagant words of the poet, when he wrote of—

"The wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

To use the language of the catalogue writer, not too inflated in this case, "The superb display of precious stones, gold and silver ingots, gold coins, gold and silver idols, &c., rivals in extent and surpasses in value the most celebrated collections that have ever been brought to public sale in India." The gem of the collection is certainly "the superb diamond and emerald necklace," consisting of 92 rose-cut brilliants set in emeralds of the richest green without a flaw, each stone of itself a study. Then there is the "magnificent necklace and diamond 'dehookdehookie,' of the highest and costliest order of jewels, comprising 24 large, clear emeralds, 18 beautiful pearls of uncommon size, four rubies of the deepest color, 35 white table diamonds in the pendant and three tassels of small emeralds and pearls."

If the reader thinks the cataloguist has exhausted himself in this flight of fancy, what will he say of "the beautiful jeejah serpeche" of thirty-six immense diamonds? "This enormously precious ornament is remarkable for the lavish manner in which the most superb diamonds have been collected in such numbers and at such immense cost for the production of a single article of personal adornment. In Europe this *bijou* would have afforded material for a dozen ornaments, and each would have been a gem of rare value." Yet we read on until we become bewildered by "serpeches," or frontlets; "dustbands," or bracelets; "kornapholes," or earrings; "sirphools," or hair ornaments; "bajoobunds," or armlets; "champskullies," or necklaces; "dabunees," or ear ornaments; "satnaries," or breast ornaments, and other jewels with names still more rich and barbaric in their sound, which have decked the dusky forms of Mahratta girls and matrons, and have adorned the proud trappings of Mahratta chiefs and their followers.

In solid gold or silver we see the most ordinary utensils of the household and the family temple, for no meaner metal would the Raos of Kirwee use. Rice plates, lotahs, candlesticks, mirrors, spice boxes, rose-water sprinklers, spittoons, truncheons, punkah-handles, baskets, pawn boxes, lamps, incense and sacrificial vessels, idols, models of temples, the trappings of elephants and horses, the livery of menials—all seemed poured out together as they appear in Reubens's paintings of conquerors on the battle-field receiving the spoils of the vanquished. But the most interesting, if the least valuable part of the collection, is the long list of coins, with names familiar to Clive and his predecessors, but never met with now in our every-day prosaic life in the East. There are "pagodas" and "hoodkies" and "hoons" with gold mohurs coined by Ackbar, Jehangheer, Shah Jehan and Aurengzebe; of Lucknow, Assam, Madras, Nepaul, besides which are a few despised English sovereigns.

The coins however, which most frequently occur are Venetian, pointing to days when Southern Europe fattened on the wealth of India, before yet the Portuguese doubled the Cape. To this day the profusion and variety of European coins in the bazaars of Upper India astonish the traveller. Seldom is the English or Australian sovereign met, while there are no coins so common as Russia five rouble pieces, pointing to trade with Central Asia. Nor are Belgian coins and French Napoleons uncommon. As we look at the jewels and read the long catalogue of gold and silver ingots, and household furniture, all belonging to a comparatively modern and petty family, *we cease to wonder that India drains Europe of her precious metals*, and a people who thus hoard up their capital unfruitfully, while their rulers squeeze from them their wealth only to be thus barbarously employed, make no progress.

ABUNDANT CROPS IN THE WEST.—A Boston gentleman, who passed through Illinois, on the 5th instant, on his way to St. Louis, speaks as follows of the prolific crops on the line of the railroad:—"Our ride was over very beautiful pasture land of prairie, and such fields of corn and quantities of beef cattle I never before beheld. The wheat is all secured, and is a very abundant crop. We saw one lot of sheds filled with corn on the *cob, four miles long*, belonging to the Illinois Central Railroad, which they took in payment of freight due to them last year, and today these grant on it is over $50,000. Yesterday we passed fields of grass and grain extending beyond the reach of the eye, without a tree or fence to interrupt."

MISS SARAH SPENCER, of Middletown, Conn., has procured two substitutes, one for herself and one for her niece, paying each $50 bounty.

THE DEFENCES OF CANADA.

From the London Times, 24th.

The conduct of the Canadian Ministry, in refusing to provide for the defence of the country, the destinies of which are intrusted to their charge, neither raises our opinion of themselves or of the community over which they preside. They were brought into power by a vote refusing to create for the colony a militia consisting of fifty thousand effective troops and fifty thousand reserves. For this plan they have substituted the following:—Canadian militia consists of two classes—A, numbering five thousand men, who have hitherto been drilled six days in the year, receiving in payment one dollar for each day's drill; and B, which consists of eight thousand men, who have hitherto received no pay at all.

It is felt in Canada that under existing circumstances a necessity has arisen for doing something towards putting the country in a respectable position of defence, and they have accordingly set about it in the following manner:—They take 5,000 men out of class B and add them to class A, thus raising class A to 10,000 men, and these 10,000 men they propose to drill for twelve days in the year at half a dollar a day, instead of six days at one dollar. They propose, besides, to give some allowance in lieu of clothing. The 3,000 left in class B will probably quit the service, as they are to receive nothing, and we cannot think that the prospect of half a dollar a day will be a very efficient stimulus to enrolment in class A.

This is absolutely all that Canada is disposed to do at the public expense for her protection. Whatever military force she requires beyond this must be made up of volunteers and tumultuary levies called together at the very moment of danger. We know by the experience of the American war, and partly by our own, the value of militia, and we know also what importance to attach to the services of persons untrained to arms and acting together for the first time. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that such an organization is worthless, and no exaggeration at all to say that it could not afford even the semblance of protection against any one of the several great armies now contending in the United States.

A correspondent asks us if, like Rome, we are prepared to give up the frontiers of our empire. We answer, unhesitatingly, that a colony which sets itself in opposition to the Imperial policy by adopting protection in the midst of free trade, which imposes upon us heavy expenses in its defence, and will not lighten our burdens, undertaken on its behalf, with one of its fingers, is *a sort of possession which neither Rome nor any other community of sane men ever held, and which if we continue to hold much longer on such terms, will make us the laughing stock of the world.*

BISHOP HUGHES ON THE WAR.—Archbishop Hughes, when in Ireland, made several addresses. He closed one of his addresses thus:—"The newspapers on this side, English and French, and sometimes even Italian, repeat each other in the sense that the war is carried on by the American Government at the expense of Irish and German blood. That is a mistake. Put an end to it. The writers know it is not a fact. The Irish and Germans mingle in it scarcely in proportion to their numbers in civil life; *but the army, as a body, is composed of real thorough Americans, from generations past, and the Irish come in as a sprinkling, and the Germans not much more.* There is another thing:—The Irish, besides discharging what they consider their duty to their own legitimate Government—and they are ever loyal, if you give them the opportunity—[hear, hear, and cheers]—besides that, the Irish have, in many instances, as I have the strongest reason for knowing, entered into this war partly to make themselves apprentices, students, as it were, finishing their education in this the first opportunity afforded them of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the implements of war." [Cheers.]

THE NEW IRONSIDES—THE WINANS STEAMER.—A guard of marines and 110 sailors have been ordered from Brooklyn, New York, to the new Ironsides. The "crack" sailors of the navy, to the number of 500, have been within a few days selected from the different receiving ships in commission at the home ports, and sent on a secret expedition, which is expected to "astonish the natives" of some port of the rebel states. The *Winans steamer*, it is announced, will have a hand in the affair, which is beginning to excite intense curiosity "inside" the service. All particulars relating to it are contraband. The Winans steamer is the iron cigar-shaped vessel built a few years ago at Baltimore, and which probably comes nearer the true principles of a ram for war purposes, in her shape and construction, than any other kind of vessel yet built.

A RIGHTEOUS DECISION.—For once the course of true love has run smoothly. When the Duke of Portland died recently in England he tried to prevent the marriage of his daughter, Lady Mary Bentick, with Sir William Topham, by stipulating in his will that her dowry of £32,000 should be withheld in case she disobeyed his commands. The lovers were warmly attached, and Sir William carried the case into court, determined to have the lady and her portion with her. The court decided that the Duke had no right to encumber the apportionment of money under a marriage settlement with such capricious conditions, and the funds were made over to Lady Mary. Whereupon the lovers were made happy. Lady Topham may enjoy her married life with means enough to sustain her rank among the aristocracy of England.

AN IMPORTANT CONFESSION.—A rebel writer in the Grenada Appeal, who has recently travelled through Mississippi, makes the following confession:—

To my sorrow, I found numbers of men, and even some of our noble Southern women, were discouraged, disheartened, saying: "We're whipped; we're whipped;" and some going so far as to intimate that it would be best, upon the whole, to submit to Yankee rule. This class of croakers, continues the writer, is rapidly on the increase. Our President and leading generals are censured, and our civil and military leaders are blamed for not accomplishing what is, from the very nature of the case, impossible.

THE COTTON CULTURE.—We must admit that the Hon. Robert J. Walker, of Mississippi, Ex-Secretary of the Treasury, is pretty good authority for any statement relative to the culture of cotton, and yet we must confess to our surprise in reading the following paragraph from one of his recent letters:—

"From long residence in the South, and from having traversed every Southern state, I know it to be true that cotton is raised there *most extensively and profitably by non-slaveholders, and upon farms using exclusively white labor.* In Texas especially this is a great truth."

A DUEL.—Lieutenants Good and Millwood, of the 72d Pennsylvania, fought a duel a few days ago at Harrison's Landing—an actual duel—all for the old cause of duels, a woman. They fought with navy pistols at ten paces, and Good had his shin cracked. Both officers are under arrest.

NOBLE ADDRESS FROM THE REFORM ASSOCIATION OF PAISLEY.

The great Scotch manufacturing town of Paisley has set a notable example to the British government and press by forwarding to President Lincoln the following address from the Parliamentary Reform Association of that city:

"To his Excellency, Abraham Lincoln, President, and members of the Executive of the Government of the United States of America—Gentlemen:—Ever since the period when your brave fathers won for themselves on the battle-field the independence of their country, the down-trodden people of Europe, those patriots who have been forced to leave their native land to avoid the tyranny of despots, have found in America a resting-place and a home. Unlike the countries of the old world, where the industrious classes are in political slavery, you enjoy the blessing of living under a Constitution founded on the equal rights of man; a Constitution which has had a long and successful trial, has demonstrated the capability of the people for self-government, and has contributed more than any other system of government hitherto established to forward the cause of freedom and civilization. Under it the great end of government has been obtained—the greatest possible happiness to the greatest possible number. Seriously impressed with these ideas, we take the liberty of expressing to you our deep regret on learning the bold and daring attempt now making to separate the southern states from the Union. Far distant from the scene of action, we can only assign two causes for this unwarrantable daring—the deep chagrin of the southern party that the power to govern the country has fallen from their hands, and their strong desire to perpetuate the slavery of the African race, an evil the people of America unfortunately inherited from Great Britain, and which is now threatening to destroy your excellent form of government. The world and posterity will do you honor for your great forbearance at the commencement of this civil war. Not until the United States flag was deeply insulted did you give countenance to shedding the blood of a kindred race. We rest in the confidence that the wealth, the patriotism and dauntless bravery of the people of the north will enable you to put down this uncalled for rebellion. The gigantic efforts you have already made render you worthy of being placed side by side with the fathers of your great republic. We trust that an all-wise Providence will guide your exertions to a successful issue, and that the time is not far distant when peace, union and prosperity will be restored to your country."

A MYSTERIOUS PROJECT.—Lieut. W. A. Bartlett, of New York, has addressed a memorial to the President, urging some changes in naval warfare, of which he speaks in the following mysterious way:—

"It would be treason, moral, effectual treason—if I should speak or write what I know can be done promptly, if the National or any State government wills it to be done, to make our national defences at the leading points at once impregnable to all opposing forces, and for all time to come, while we could at once prepare a fleet, which could repeat the act of Van Trump, and by hoisting a Quaker Yankee corn broom, sweep the seas of the world, with batteries unsighted, unseen, and only to be known like the great volcano, when, with lightning and thunder, and upheaving of billows of land and sea, it ejects its death-dealing missiles to all opposing forces. Such can be our ships of war in the future, and such can be our fortified positions of the first importance. No new machinery is required—no enormous foundries, nor ungovernable castings, borers, bitts, hammers, nor trip hammers. There are scores of localities where the little additional easily-constructed machinery can be set up to do all this, and the country teems with machinists, mechanics, blacksmiths, whitesmiths, as well as instructed directors of works, who could, in the short space of three months, produce all the material required for the production of ships, as I would have them, without the addition of a solitary acre of roofing for producing shops."

HUNGARIAN SUPERSTITION.—A case of horrible superstition in Hungary is thus narrated in a letter from Reka:—

"A few days since a farmer, residing in the commune of Bazos, denounced his daughter-in-law as a witch, and said that it was she who had for so long a time prevented rain from falling. He moreover affirmed that for several months she had neither eaten, drunk or slept, and that whenever a cloud appeared in the sky she went out into the courtyard and made a gesture with her hand, by which she drew down the moisture to herself, and so could do without drink. In consequence of the denunciation, the authorities had the woman examined by two midwives, who found on her body a witch's mark of all the colors of the rainbow. She was then told that she must submit to be cauterized, and if not the people of the commune would burn her on a pile of thorns. The unfortunate woman was compelled to allow herself to be cauterized by her own aunt, wich a red hot silver coin and with the help of a church key. Two days afterwards Providence sent us a good fall of rain, but there was also hail, which damaged the corn. That arose, according to the people of the village, from the witchcraft not being properly cured by the cauterization."

COTTON GROWING IN DELAWARE.—Joseph M. Pusey has cotton growing very finely in the yard, at his factory, corner of Thirteenth and Poplar streets, in this city. Early last spring, Mr. Pusey procured three different kinds of plants—Virginia, Georgia and Sea Island—and immediately set them out. In a short time they began to grow luxuriantly, and gave evidence of a decided success. They are now progressing beautifully, and fully demonstrate the capability of Delaware soil for raising cotton. The Virginia plant has at first a bud with a splendid cream color hue, but in its more advanced stage, which is in a few days after it makes its appearance, it changes to a dark red and falls off. After this takes place the pod which contains the cotton is formed. We would like to see experiments in raising cotton in Delaware on a more extended scale, as we believe that our climate is adapted to its culture. Mr. Pusey is of opinion that the Virginian plant is the best for our soil. A light soil is preferable for producing cotton to any other, as has been fully demonstrated by those who have had much experience in its culture.—*Wilmington Journal.*

ARREST OF GEN. FRANK PATTERSON.—The arrest of Gen. Frank Patterson (son of the old General) is the subject of considerable talk in this city. The New York Tribune gives the following explanation of it:—"It is rumored that Gen. Frank Patterson, of Philadelphia, commanding the New Jersey Brigade, is the general referred to as having so seriously interfered to prevent the consummation of Hooker's plan of capturing a whole rebel division at Malvern Hill. It is said that Gen. Patterson at the time was intoxicated, and so acted as to give the rebels timely notice of the approach of our army. He is now under arrest, and the whole matter will come before a general court-martial." Another statement says that he gave his orders in so loud a tone as to apprise the enemy of the vicinity of the military "surprise party."

THE HALLECK AND LEE CORRESPONDENCE.—Much regret is expressed in certain quarters that in the correspondence published between Generals Halleck and Lee the former did not somewhere remind the rebels of their own atrocities. It is very evident that the last of Lee's letters were written quite as much for European circulation as for the eye of Gen. Halleck. Should they really perpetrate barbarities upon Pope's officers, the government will not hesitate to avenge them. Gen. Lee says that the rebels have an excess of prisoners. This was at first supposed to be mere brag, but upon careful computation it is found to be true. Large as were the numbers of rebel prisoners taken in the spring, they have since been overborne by the defeats, retreats and captures on the Chickahominy, at Winchester, and in Tennessee. The rebels have the right to brag a little, and the fact that they are so quiet shows that there is another side to the picture which we do not see.

HUNTER'S NEGRO REGIMENT.—The advices from Port Royal state that the negro brigade has been disbanded—probably by the order of the President. It is also said that the negro soldiers were ridiculed to such an extent by the white soldiers, that frequent collisions were the consequence.

GEN. GRARY, wounded in the late battle near Culpepper, has not lost an arm, as has been stated, the wound being in the flesh or muscles of the upper portions of the arm, by a musket ball, which was promptly extracted.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There is no quotable change in prices, but the market for Flour has been inactive. Sales only reach about 7000 bbls, mostly taken in small lots, at $5@5,25 for superfine, the latter for better brands, $5,37½@5,75 for extras, $5,50@6,25 for common and good family, and $6,50@7,25 for fancy brands, as in quality, including 1500 bbls City Mills, part private and part at our highest figures. The sales to the trade have been to a fair extent, within the same range of prices, according to brand and quality. Rye Flour continues very scarce, and sells readily at $3,50 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is also scarce and in demand at a further advance, and Penna is held at $3,12½@3,25. 500 bbls Brandywine sold at $3,50 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The market has been fairly supplied with Wheat, and prices under a less active demand are unsettled and rather lower, with sales of about 50,000 bus to note at $1@1,20 for inferior to fair Penna and Western reds; $1,25@1,32 for good and prime do in store; $1,32@1,35 for Southern do, the latter afloat, and $1,40@1,55 for white, including some choice Kentucky at the highest figures. Rye is scarce and Penna sells in a small way on arrival at 80@83c. Corn is arriving rather more freely, and about 35,000 bus yellow sold at 54c afloat and in store, including white at 55c and inferior yellow at 58@60c. Oats have been very active and prices are 4@5c better the new crop being very light and generally of poor quality, and all offered, some 50,000 bus, sold at 46@53c for old, mostly Penna, weight, and 37@42c for new Southern and Penna do, measure. Barley and Malt remain quiet.

PROVISIONS—The demand for barrelled meats continues limited, and Mess Pork is steady at $11@11¼. Beef moves off as wanted at $12@13 ₱ bbl for Mess, the latter for city packet. Bacon—There is a good demand for Hams, with sales to some extent at 8@10c for plain and fancy cured, which is an advance; nothing doing in Shoulders and Sides. Of Green Meats the sales have been limited to Hams, which are scarce at 8½@9c in salt and pickle; 3½@4c for Shoulders, and 4½@5c for Sides in salt. Lard is held firmly at 9¼c for prime Western tierces, and 9¾@9¾ for kegs, with sales of 500 pkgs at about these rates. Butter is dull, and quoted at 9@12c for packed. Cheese is quiet at 8@9c, the latter for prime. Eggs are dull and lower, and quoted at 8@10c ₱ doz.

COTTON—There is very little offering, and the stock is nearly exhausted; about 350 bales have been disposed of, in small lots, at 47@51c, cash, the latter for good middlings, including about 150 bales, sold by auction, part loose, at from 47 to 42c ₱ lb.

ASHES—Both kinds are firm, with limited sales.

BARK—The demand for Quercitron has fallen off, and the market closes quiet at $33 for 1st No 1, at which rate some further sales were made early in the week. Tanners' Bark moves off as wanted, at quotations.

BEESWAX continues scarce, and good yellow is held at 37c ₱ lb.

COAL—The late advance is fully sustained, and the market is firm, with a good demand. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton, $4,70@4,80; Prepared do $4,70@4,80; Red Ash do $4,85@4,95; Lehigh Lump do $5; Prepared do $5; by retail do $5,50@5,75; Schuylkill Prepared do, $5,25@5,50.

COFFEE—The stocks and receipts continue very light, and holders firm, but buyers come forward slowly, and only about 600 bags have been taken, in small lots, at 21@22½c for Rio, and 23@24c for Laguayra, cash and time.

COPPER is dull, but steady, with further sales of yellow metal at 23c ₱ lb, on time.

FEATHERS are dull, and a small business doing as usual at this season, at 37@42c ₱ lb, whole lots are offered at 40c, without finding buyers.

FRUIT is more plenty, Apples selling at 12½@25c, and Peaches at 75c ₱ basket.

HAY is in steady demand, Timothy selling at 60@65c for new, and 75@85c the 100 lbs for old.

HEMP remains inactive, and no sales have come under our notice to alter our quotations, which are nearly nominal.

HOPS move off as wanted at 17@21c ₱ lb for Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal is inactive but very firm, the high views of holders limiting operations to some 1,100@1,200 tons at $24@25 for Anthracite No 1, the latter in a small way; $23 for No 2, and $21@22 for No 3, on time. Scotch Pig is scarce. No change in Blooms and Boiler Iron. For Bars and Rails the demand continues very active.

LEAD—No further sales of Pig have come under our notice, and Galena is held at 7c ₱ lb, cash.

LUMBER meets with a fair demand at previous quotations, with further sales of White Pine at $14@16. Yellow Sap Boards sell at $15@16, and Laths at $1,25 ₱ M.

MOLASSES has been dull this week, but without any material change to note, and a small business doing in the way of sales.

PLASTER—There is very little arriving or selling, and soft is quoted at $2,50@2,75 ₱ ton.

RICE—There is very little selling, prices range at 6¼@6¾c for Rangoon, and 7c for Patna.

SEEDS—The demand for Clover has fallen off, and prices are nearly nominal at $5@5,25 ₱ bus. Of Timothy the receipts and sales are limited at $1,75@2 for new crop, with rather more offering. Flaxseed is also quiet, and held at $2@2,10 ₱ bus; the new crop is about coming in, and buyers offer less.

SPIRITS—There is very little movement in Brandy and Gin and prices are firm; N. E. Rum sells slowly at 45@47c; Whiskey is firm but quiet, bbls selling at 30@32c, mostly at 31c for Western; hhds at 29c, and Drudge at 28c.

SUGAR—The market opened dull and unsettled. Sales reach some 300 hhds, mostly Cuba and New Orleans, part by auction at 8¼@9¼c, cash and 4 mos.

TALLOW is inactive, with but little movement to note at 10¼@10¾c for city and 9¼@9¾c ₱ lb for country rendered.

TOBACCO—There is very little demand for either leaf or manufactured, and the latter is scarce and high; of the former we note further sales of Pennsylvania seed leaf, on terms kept private.

WOOL—The market for this staple is very active, and prices buoyant and firm. Some 300,000 lbs, however, changed hands, mostly within the range of 55@60c for fine fleece, and 60@65c for low grade, net cash, the latter for good tub.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1607 head. The prices realized were from 6 to 7 cents ₱ lb. 130 Cows brought from $20 to 35 ₱ head. 4200 Sheep were sold at from $2,50 to 4,50 ₱ head. 630 Hogs sold at $5,00 to 5,50 ₱ cwt.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN. P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

☞ Magruder is a good fighter and a greater drinker. An exchange says that he drinks so much whiskey that if he were buried, corn and rye would sprout from the ground for a quarter of a mile in all directions from his grave. A friend at our elbow doubts the assertion, and suggests that if Magruder, since he has been with the Confederates, has not drank better whiskey than most of his compatriots, the strychnine in him after he was buried, would kill vegetation for miles around, and make the whole tract a desert.

☞ When events so turn up under any form of free government that men may not utter thought as regards the conduct of public affairs, then the essential spirit of freedom is lost. When men under any government yield the right to criticize the conduct of officials, then they become essentially slaves.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. GEORGE T. LINN, to Miss EMMA M. PIDGEON, both of this city.

On the 2d of April, by the Rev. Dr. Atwood, Mr. A. L. BEELEN, to Miss LOUISA TAYLOR, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, D. D., Mr. WILLIAM BOWEN, to Miss JENNIE F. GUY, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. J. A. McKean, Mr. CHARLES H. NELSON, to Miss ELIZABETH SMITH, both of this city.

On the 24th of April, 1862, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. GEORGE HODGE, to Miss CATHARINE WOLLIVER, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Philip H. Mowry, Mr. JOSEPH S. MCCLELLAND, to Miss MARY A. PHILLIPS.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. T. B. Miller, Mr. JOHN SHELHORN, to Miss EMELIA BRENNER, both of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. F. R. Harbaugh, Mr. HARVEY K. PRESTON, to Miss HARRIET L. ARMITAGE, youngest daughter of Thos. J. Armitage, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

August 9th, HELEN FRANCES, infant and only child of Isaac and the late Helen R. Blakemore, aged 3 months. Newport, R. I., papers please copy.

On the 12th instant, JOHN HALZELL, in his 42d year.

On the 11th instant, Mr. JOHN L. BOWLES, in his 55th year.

On the 12th instant, ISABELLA FRY, wife of Geo. W. Hall, aged 30 years.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. PHOEBE ROGERS, in her 85th year.

In Abington Township, Montgomery county, Aug. 11th, ROBERT WARNOCK.

On the 11th instant, ELIZABETH ROBINSON, wife of the late John Robinson, in her 81st year.

On the 12th instant, JOSEPH BRANSON, of Co. E, 29th regiment, P. V., in his 20th year.

On the 10th instant, SUSAN BERRYMAN, wife of Chas. Berryman, aged 38 years.

On the 10th instant, ELIZABETH COX, aged 94 years.

On the 9th instant, MARY P. MORTON, wife of Benj. N. Morton, and daughter of John L. Passmore, in her 32d year.

On the 9th instant, JAMES EVANS, in his 27th year.

On the 8th instant, JACOB DEAL, in his 78th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, August 16, 1862.

Alabama	30 dis.	Missouri	3 dis.
Canada	¼ par	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	½ dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par	New Hampshire	½ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	½ dis.	New Jersey	par to ½ dis.
Florida	— dis.	N. Y. City	¼ dis.
Georgia	55 dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	3 dis.	North Carolina	50 dis.
Indiana	3 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	¼ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania par to	¼ dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	45 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	Tennessee	60 dis.
Maryland	½ to 1½ dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	45 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 dis.
Mississippi	—		

"AMERICAN SCHOOL INSTITUTE"
ESTABLISHED IN 1855.
A BUREAU OF EDUCATIONAL INFORMATION,

For those who seek well qualified teachers;
For teachers who desire positions;
For giving parents information of good Schools;
For selling and renting School properties.

Wanted—Experienced Teachers of FRENCH, MUSIC and DRAWING.

☞ Circulars, giving details, sent when applied for with stamp.

G. S. WOODMAN & COMPANY,
596 Broadway, New York.
BRANCH OFFICE—25 North Fourth St., Philadelphia.
aug16-tf

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE, Magnifying 500 times, for 28 cents (in silver); 5 of different powers for $1. Mailed free.
Address F. P. BOWEN,
aug 23-4t Box 220 Boston, Mass.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.
R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau St., New York City.

EMPLOYMENT!—Agents wanted in every County, to sell the best (Two-threaded) Sewing Machine ever offered to the public. Liberal salary, or commission allowed, with expenses.—Circular sent, by addressing with stamp.
ISAAC HALE, Jr. & CO.,
aug2-6t Newburyport, Mass.

THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.—Published for the benefit and as a warning and a caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, &c.; supplying at the same time the means of Self Cure. By one who has cured himself after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. By enclosing a post-paid addressed envelope, *single copies* may be had of the author,
NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq.,
ap19-tf Bedford, Kings Co., N. Y.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

WITHERS & PETERSON
39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADA.
STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.

STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.
7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.
All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.
UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.
Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.
DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
ap 26-1y

PHILADELPHIA PAPER HANGINGS.
HOWELL & BOURKE,
CORNER OF FOURTH AND MARKET STREETS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
PAPER HANGINGS AND WINDOW CURTAIN PAPERS,
Offer to the trade a LARGE AND ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF GOODS, from the Cheapest Brown Stock to the Finest Decorations; and put on to city and country by careful men.
N. E. COR. FOURTH AND MARKET STS., Philadelphia. jly5-3t

GENUINE HAVANA CIGARS,
Of all flavors, as follows:
CABANAS, at $9 ₱ 100.
LA RITICA, at $6 ₱ 100.
LA HIGUENAS, at $5 ₱ 100.
LA EMPRESSA, at $3 ₱ 100.
COLD, SPARKLING SODA WATER,
Drawn from a large, Silver Fountain, at 3 cents per glass, at KOLLOCK'S New Drug Store, Corner of Broad and Chestnut Sts., Philada. dec21-1y

Palmer's PATENT LEG & ARM
1609 and 375 CHESTNUT St.
PHILADELPHIA.
B. FRANK PALMER,
SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to
THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philad'a.—1609.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.
This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.
The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "Palmer Limbs" have the name of the inventor affixed.*
Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.
The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.
All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address
B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oct6-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Phila.

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c.
DR. D. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT has been for thirty years the standard remedy.
RECENT COUGHS, and COLDS, PLEURITIC PAINS, etc., are quickly and effectually cured by its diaphoretic, soothing and expectorant power.
ASTHMA it always cures. It overcomes the spasmodic contraction of the air vessels, and by producing free expectoration, at once removes all difficulty of breathing.
BRONCHITIS readily yields to the Expectorant. It subdues the inflammation which extends through the wind tubes, produces free expectoration, and suppresses at once the cough and pain.
CONSUMPTION.—For this insidious and fatal disease no remedy on earth has ever been found so effectual. It subdues the inflammation, relieves the cough and pain, and removes the difficulty of breathing, and produces an easy expectoration, whereby all irritating and obstructing matters are removed from the lungs.
WHOOPING COUGH is promptly relieved by this Expectorant. It shortens the duration of the diseases one-half, and greatly mitigates the sufferings of the patient.
In all PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, in CROUP, PLEURISY, etc., it will be found to be prompt, safe, pleasant and reliable.
This Expectorant is prepared only at 242 CHESTNUT Street, and for sale by Druggists generally. mar 22 1f

DROPSIES ARE CURED BY BRANDRETH'S PILLS.
This form of disease is occasioned by the exhalent arteries throwing out a greater quantity of fluid, than the absorbents take up. BRANDRETH'S PILLS convey by magic as it were, an impulse to the remote extremities, arousing their absorbents to action, and in case of swelling or watery deposits, awakening the sleeping energies of those vessels.
SENATOR BELLENGER, of Herkimer, New York, was a great sufferer from a dropsical affection of more than a year's duration. He derived no material help from the prescriptions of his physicians, who in fact gave him to understand, that his case was hopeless. By apparently the merest chance, the qualities of BRANDRETH'S PILLS were brought to his notice. He began their use at once and with strong hope—for he comprehended the principle of cure. He persevered with them for three months, taking often as many as fifteen pills a day, but always making it a rule to take sufficient to purge in the most effectual manner twice or thrice a week. This PERSEVERANCE was rewarded by a perfect restoration to health which has continued to this time.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York.
Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.
Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia, by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. aug23-2t&w

Wit and Humor.

A SMOOTH DRINK.

Dan says that a year or two ago he happened to have in his employ a couple of "broths of boys," who, like all the jolly, "old Ireland," liked "a bit of a taste" of something consumedly well, and often indulged in it, to his grievous annoyance, for of course they usually chose the most inopportune moment to get "cordialed."

On one occasion, in her husband's absence, Mrs. Dan noticed that Pat and Mike had procured a supply of the "craythur," and stored the jug that contained it upon a deserted shelf in the chimney corner.

Women, you know—God bless 'em, nevertheless!—hardly like us of the sterner sex to "liquidate," and with her sisters' proverbial aversion to the "red eye," my friend's wife took advantage of the merry dogs' attendance to their chores, and abstracting their jug, substituted, in its stead, one exactly similar in appearance—outwardly so, but not in its innards.

At night the boys bunked in upon the kitchen-floor, and Mr. D. and his lady retired to their room, the door of which opened into the kitchen, where they could have a view from their bed of what might transpire between the bog-trotters.

When Mike had given what he supposed was ample time for the "boss" to go to sleep, he "hunched" his neighbor, saying:

"Arrah, Pat, let's have a drap."

"Begorry, so say I, Mike; it's as dry as a chip I am entirely, this blessed night."

Up both sprang, and Pat, reaching the jug, took it down from its perch, and in full view of Mr. D. and his wife, who were watching the "motions," took a swig. But the expression of his face was anything but a favorable comment upon the contents. Mike noticed the contortion, and exclaimed:

"Pat, what the divil are you making such a bad look over the whiskey for?"

"Faith, Mike," replied his companion, recovering himself, "it was no bad look, at all, at all, I was afther making. I was only thinking what a smooth drink it was, sure."

"Hand over here," cried Mike, impatiently, and applying it to his lips, he took a generous draught.

"Bluenages!" he roared, rushing for the door, where Pat followed him, and the noise of their efforts at heaving Jonah made the night hideous.

My friend and his partner thought they would crack their sides in bed, laughing over the affair, and next morning he went to the jug and shook it, but it was badly depleted.

"Mike," he cried, addressing one of two sickly-looking Irishmen as ever complained, "what on earth has become of all the linseed oil?"

"Linseed ile, is it, sir?" exclaimed Pat, with an air as though something had cleared up a great mystery to him.

"Yes, I want some to oil the harness, and I see it's almost gone."

The poor fellow only muttered: "Linseed ile it was, sure, bad luck to it, then; it went down mighty smooth."

This was too much for my friend, as he had to give vent to pent-up laughter, at which Pat "vamoosed," but in such high dudgeon that the mention of a "smooth drink" wakes up the shillelagh in him whenever one hazards to hint at it.

A FRUGAL SCOTCH WIFE.—As a late minister of Dumblane happened to be one day visiting his flock, along with one of his elders, they felt extremely hungry, and on arriving at the house of Janet ——, they asked for some refreshments. Janet speedily set before them everything of an eatable kind she possessed, which consisted of oat cakes and butter. This was all the poor woman had to serve her for some time to come, and she naturally felt some anxiety for its rapid disappearance. The minister began conversing pretty freely with Janet, and asked if she had been to church on the previous Sunday, and if so, whether she recollected the sermon. She replied in the affirmative, and on the minister inquiring what the text was, she said it was the text of the "Loaves and Fishers," and added, still noticing the rapid disappearance of the cakes and butter, "Deed, sir, if the multitude had been as hungry as you and the elder, I think there would have been fewer fragments left."

A CLEVER CHAP.—A gentleman from the country, stopping at one of the hotels in Cincinnati, entered into conversation with one of the boarders, asking questions about the fair, etc. After a few minutes' conversation, the boarder drew his cigar case, saying—

"Will you take a cigar, sir?"

"Well, I don't mind if I do," was the reply.

The cigar was passed to him; also the one which our boarder was smoking, for the purpose of giving him a light. He carefully placed the cigar first handed him in his pocket, and took his knife and cut off that end of the lighted one which had been in the mouth of his friend, and commenced smoking, saying—

"It ain't often a man from the country runs afoul of as clever a fellow in the city as you are."

A SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION.—"Did you mean that remark for me?"

"No; who are you? I never saw or heard of you before, and never wish to see nor hear of you again."

"I am satisfied with your explanation, sir."

☞ "John," said Dean Ramsey, "I'm sure ye ken that a rollin' stane gathers nae moss?" "Ay," rejoined John, "that's true, but can you tell me what guid the moss does to the stane?"

SAD FATE OF BOYS—That was a touch of delicate sarcasm which is recorded of Charles Lamb's brother, "James Elia." He was at Eton one day, with his brother and some other friends; and upon seeing some of the Eton boys, students of the college, at play upon the green, he gave vent to his forebodings with a sigh and solemn shake of the head:

"Ah!" said he, "what a pity to think that these fine ingenuous lads in a few years will all be changed into frivolous members of Parliament!"

AN IRISH APOLOGY.—An Irish lawyer lately addressed the court as "gentlemen," instead of "your honors." A brother of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately arose to apologize thus:

"May it please the court, in the heat of debate I called yer honors gentlemen. I made a mistake, yer honors."

The gentleman sat down, and probably the court was satisfied.

"LINE UPON LINE."

Shiel, the famous Irish orator, remarked on a public occasion that in order to do anything in the British House of Commons it was necessary to repeat what you wished to enforce three hundred times. This repeated reiteration was thus subdivided: The first hundred repetitions were required to make yourself heard; the second was needed in order to be contradicted; and the third to convince members of the truth of what you uttered. An American writer recently observed that the above rule holds good with our public, except that instead of three hundred it might be nearer the mark to say nine hundred. He adds:

There must be an incessant reiteration of the same fact, day after day; it must be presented in all sorts of shapes, and illustrated in all sorts of ways; it must be presented in prose and jingled in verse; it must be joked about and preached about, treated lightly and solemnly, sagaciously and nonsensically, before the public at large can become so familiarized with the subject that they will begin to think about it and talk about it. This point having been gained, then follows the second stage of contradiction and argumentation; reams of paper must be destroyed in presenting the views of the opposition, and day after day must be spent in allowing the spirit of contradiction to exhaust itself. The second stage having been passed, then follows the third and last, when the public mind passively receives the truths that have been so long proclaimed in the highways, and conviction comes slowly, but surely in the end.

DEATH.—An Italian physician proposes to counteract the effect of age by the administration of *oxalic acid*, with a view to remove the earthly salts in the system; advocates are still to be found for the *transfusion of blood* from young to old, for the same purpose; and an Englishman, professing to be a physician, has, within the last year, asserted that *frequent small bleedings* will ward off old age almost for ever. So says Day, in his "Treatise on the Diseases of Advanced Life;" but he says also, "It seems as if the earnest desire for life diminished in almost the same proportion as its possession was withdrawn. It is very seldom that old persons regard death with feelings of terror. I cannot call to mind a single instance in which, as far as my own experience extends, a dying person, of the age of eighty or upwards, has not looked forward to death with pleasure rather than with fear."

☞ A rough diamond from New York on a tour to the White Mountains, halted at a certain hotel at Wolfboro', and seated himself on the piazza. One of the attaches of the establishment asked him if he would like to have the servant black his boots. "No, sir!" sharply replied the traveller. "No blacking has touched these boots since I left York; nor shall any, if I know it." "Would you like a ride up the mountain, sir?" again urged the attendant. "It is a very easy road, sir." "Easy, is it?" returned the pedestrian; "then I don't wish to travel it, sir. I came here for a rough time, and mean to have it. I have walked over the White Mountains, and can do it again." That is the spirit with which to set out on summer travels, and blessed are those who have at once the health and the spirit to do likewise.

EXPENSIVE MUSIC.—The Once a Month, for July, has heard of an indulgent father, who had spent what he thought a liberal fortune—a thousand dollars or so—upon his daughter's musical education. The net result of this pecuniary investment seemed, to his mercantile apprehension, to be summed up in three musical pieces, which he found his daughter was able to play when she came from the hands of her teacher—namely, a waltz, a mazurka, and a polka. But she soon forgot the waltz, and afterwards the mazurka, so that at last the polka was all that was left to her. Then, in the evening, when her father came home, he would throw himself languidly on the sofa and say, "Come, my daughter, give us that thousand dollar polka."

INFLUENCE OF A TRUE WIFE.—A sensible, affectionate, refined, practical woman, who makes a man's nature all the stronger by making it more tender—who puts new heart into all his worthy strivings, gives dignity to his prosperity, and comfort to his adversity. Every true life wields a still greater power when it feels a living heart drawing it with irresistible force into every position of duty.

☞ ESTABLISHING A FINE CREDIT.—"We frequently see it stated," said Mr. Oldfish, "that such and such men started from extreme poverty, coming into town in the first place without a cent of money, and rising by their own exertions. When I first came I had to borrow money to get here, and I've been borrowing money ever since. It is a great thing at sixty to have established such a wonderful credit."

PRACTISING FOR A MATCH.

LEONORA.—"Dear! dear! How the arrow sticks!"

CAPT. BLANK (with a sigh of the deepest).—"It does, indeed!"

THE DRY STREAM.

"John," said Isaac to his brother, "do you know that the brook in the sheep pasture has dried up?"

"No; I do not know any such thing."

"It is dry."

"I saw it running not an hour ago."

"It was dry this morning. I was going to cross over on the fence, but there was no water in the bed of the stream above or below the fence. I heard father say the brook never failed."

"I know it has not failed."

"That comes pretty near saying you don't believe what I say."

The brothers went on disputing till they got very angry. At first, one was sure that the other was mistaken. When they became angry, one was sure that the other had asserted an untruth.

Now, the fact was, that both had spoken the truth. When the stream was low, there was a gravel bank by the fence mentioned by Isaac, through which the water percolated without appearing on the surface. John had seen the water flowing as usual in its channel some twenty rods below the fence.

Men often dispute about things in regard to which they really do not differ. They look at the subject from different points of view. Before you decide that a man is wrong because he differs from you, see from what point he views the matter.—*Sunday-School Times.*

☞ FRANKNESS OF A TURKISH SHEIK.—A Turkish Sheik, when called upon to vindicate Mahommedanism from a recent violent attack, after a few moments musing, replied: "I will just tell you the truth—our religion is old and needs revising."

☞ An old maid, who was over-nice in regard to cleanliness about her house, once scrubbed her sitting-room floor until she fell through into the cellar.

Agricultural.

CHLORIDE OF LIME.

It is not generally known that the smell of chloride of lime is particularly offensive to many kinds of animals, especially to the common fly, the gad-fly, and stinging flies of all descriptions, so obnoxious in stables. A sure means to get rid of these troublesome visitors is to place a vessel filled with chloride of lime upon a shelf, or a board suspended to the ceiling. This being done in the evening, and a window left partly open as an outlet for the flies, none, or very few, will be found in the room in the morning. The smell of chloride is by no means injurious to man or beast; on the contrary, it is wholesome as an absorbent of deleterious miasms pervading the air. It need hardly be recommended to repeat the experiment at short intervals, say at least once a week, the more so as it will cost but a trifle and will give no trouble.

In a room—kitchen, pantry or cellar—where chloride of lime is kept, mice and rats will keep off, as indeed they will from any place where the article is used. We have seen the experiment tried very successfully in a large Inn at Nuremburg, long infested with rats and mice, all of which disappeared almost suddenly, not only from the house and outer buildings, but also from the stables and yard.

The use of chloride of lime is not less efficacious for preserving plants from ants, caterpillars and other insects. We have a cabbage field cleared of this nuisance by the simple process of sprinkling the plants with a solution of chloride and water; which may be done by using a common hand broom or a paint brush. To our certain knowledge, a piece of ground sown with white cabbage was thus thoroughly preserved from insects, while in the neighboring pieces the plants were actually destroyed by them.

The same remedy is also applicable to fruit trees, which may be preserved or purged from caterpillars, etc., by mixing a pound of chloride of lime with half a pound of lard; this will form a kind of paste, which should be wrapped in tar and tied to the stem or to the thicker branches of the tree. All insects will drop off almost instantaneously, nor will any be tempted to crawl up again. Even sparrows will keep away if the leaves have been sprinkled as aforesaid.

Experiments are being made as to the efficacy of chloride of lime compared with sulphur as a remedy for the vine disease, and the destruction of the *ophis* or vine-fretter.—*Deutscher Telegraph.*

A HINT TO TREE FANCIERS.

In our random experiments, last Spring, we met with a result which both surprised and gratified us. A Scotch larch, which had been planted in a certain spot, several years before, had become too large for the place it occupied, and must either be removed or cut down. What was to be done? A council was called, and soon a compromise was agreed on, for at least one year. The plan was to let it stand, but to head it in several feet at the top, and to shorten in the side branches full half their length. Heretical treatment, surely, but we gave it, and then waited results.

The tree being in a distant and secluded part of our grounds, we did not notice it particularly until about the first of June, when its appearance surprised us. The foliage had come out with unusual strength, and clothed the tree in a mass of heavy, rich verdure from top to bottom. We had trimmed it into a tapering or conical shape, like the Juniper, or Lombardy Poplar, and now it was a beautiful, thickly tufted shaft of the most vivid green, altogether unlike the tree as commonly seen. The leaves were fully double their usual size, being nearly as long as those of the Austrian pine, and of the same color, only glossier and brighter. Not an inch of trunk or limb could be seen amid the mass of leaves. At a little distance it resembled a fine specimen of the Austrian pine, pruned into the Juniper form. It is now one of the most remarkable sights in our grounds, and we congratulate ourselves on the discovery.—*American Agriculturist.*

YIELD OF GRAIN IN ENGLAND.—The London Mark-Lane Express gives a table comprising the average yield per acre, of wheat, barley, oats, beans, and peas, for thirty-eight counties, in England, prepared from returns received from correspondents of that paper. The average for the cereal grains mentioned is as follows:—

Wheat, 29 bushels,
Barley, 37¾ "
Oats, 46¼ "

The lowest average of wheat in any country returned, is 23½ bushels per acre, in Devonshire, and the highest 34½ bushels, in Lancashire. The lowest average of barley is 29 bushels per acre, in Shropshire, and the highest 44 bushels, in Northampton. The lowest average of oats is 34½ bushels, in Westmoreland, and the highest 59½, in Cambridgeshire.

The beans mentioned are a kind not much cultivated in this country. The average yield is 33½ bushels per acre. The average yield of peas is 30 bushels per acre.

POPLAR RAILS.—Joseph Roberts of Ridgeway, Wisconsin, writes to the Wisconsin Farmer: "I can produce poplar rails, made in the month of April, in the year 1846, that are sound this day, free from rot, and better than any oak rail I have in my fence, made at the same date. The trees were felled after the leaf had come out, and in splitting the trees the bark came off, and every rail being free from bark, the timber seasoned at once—hence the durability."—*Journal of Agriculture.*

GRAFTING THE TOMATO ON THE POTATO.—A correspondent of the Horticulturist states that he succeeded, perfectly, in grafting a scion of the tomato upon the potato vine. He cut about one-third of the potato shoot off, just above a leaf, taking care not to injure the bud at its base. The scion, being shielded from the sun, was every day sprinkled with a little water, and it took readily. In the fall the tomato was loaded with ripe and unripe fruit, and had grown to a large size.

CLEANING MILK VESSELS.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette truly says there is no product of the farm that presents so much difference as butter. This arises chiefly from using vessels for holding the milk, and utensils in making the butter which are soured. In my notice of the effects of having soured troughs in sugar making, I stated that acidity was fatal to good sugar making. It is not less so in butter making. Milk has a peculiar acid very easily formed, which entirely takes away that rich, sweet, fine flavor, belonging to good butter. A very little soured milk or cream on vessels rapidly generates enough acid to take it away. To avoid this great care is requisite. Cleanliness only is not sufficient, in having the vessels well washed, but they must be carefully washed in boiling hot water, and should be boiled in it also. But as the cream is very apt to stick, even in good washing, when the vessels are boiled in water, *some pearlash or soda should be put in it*, which destroys any acidity that may be about the vessels. They should then be well sunned. I have known some good butter makers who dispensed with the sunning when soda was used, but both are to be commended.

KING BIRD VERSUS BEES.

It is contended by many who have watched them, that the king-bird does not attack and devour bees, and by others that they do. But whenever the bird was shot and examined, no bees were found. The following fact was related to us a few days since by the observer. Happening one day to be near his bees, and in such a position that a bee could be seen at some distance in the air, going from and coming to the hive, he saw a king-bird perched upon a stake near by, who would dart from his perch among the returning bees, making a circuit and return again. This it continued to repeat. He now became fully convinced that the bird was catching and eating the bees. Upon watching the bird, however, more carefully on his return, he observed that it let something fall each time to the ground. Going to the stake where it had been perched, he found a large number of dead bees scattered upon the ground, every one of which had been burst open, the honey expelled from the sack and eaten by the bird. This accounts for no bees being found in the birds when killed, but establishes the fact that they like honey.—*Prairie Farmer.*

TOMATOES.—The best fruit and heaviest crops, remarks an editor, are obtained by allowing them to trail on the ground, a mulching of short grass being placed on the earth between the rows to keep the fruit clean.

Useful Receipts.

ZINC WASH FOR ROOMS.—Mix oxide of zinc with common size and apply it with a brush, like lime whitewash, to the ceiling of a room. After this apply a wash, in the same manner, of the chloride of zinc, which will combine with the oxide and form a smooth cement with a shining surface.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Select well-ripened, smooth tomatoes, boil with a very little water, until tender, remove the skin, and rub the contents through a fine wire sieve to separate the seeds. To each bushel of the fruit add 2 quarts of cider vinegar, 2 lbs. salt, ¼ lb. black and 2 oz cayenne pepper, 3 grated nutmegs, ¼ lb. allspice, 6 finely chopped onions, and 3 lbs. brown sugar; boil the whole for one hour, stirring it frequently, and strain again through the wire sieve. When cold, bottle and set away in a cool place. It is ready for immediate use, or it may be kept a year.

YEAST.—Those who are not in the neighborhood of bakers and cannot procure the fermentation called yeast, may make a better substitute as follows:—Boil one pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar and a little salt, in two gallons of water for an hour. When milk-warm, bottle and cork it close, and it will be ready for use in twenty-four hours.

NEW WAY TO DRESS CUCUMBERS.—Take three good-sized cucumbers, pare them, put them in cool water for an hour, take them out and cut them in the usual way; sprinkle salt upon them and let them be so until an hour before dinner; drain off the salt liquor; put them into a vegetable dish. Take a pint of sour cream, (*not too old,*) a good tablespoonful of cider vinegar, a piece of butter the size of a hickory nut; put them on the fire and let the mixture come to a boil; pour it over the cucumbers while hot; set them by in a cool place until dinner. We think it is the only way to eat them, says a lady in the American Farmer.

RICE BLANCMANGE.—Take one pint of new milk, add to it two eggs well beaten, four spoonfuls of ground rice, two spoonfuls of brandy; grate a little nutmeg, sweeten it to your taste, boil it; when near cold put it into your mould; when quite cold turn it out, mix a little sugar, cream and nutmeg, and put round it in the dish; garnish with red currant jelly.

BLANCMANGE.—Break one pound of isinglass in very small pieces and wash well. Pour on a pint of boiling water; next morning add a quart of milk, and boil until the isinglass is dissolved, and strain it. Put in two ounces of blanched almonds pounded, sweeten with loaf sugar, and turn into the mould. Stick thin slips of almonds all over the blancmange, and dress around with syllabub or whip cream.

ARTIFICIAL CHEESE.—Well pound some nutmeg, mace, and cinnamon, to which add a gallon of new milk, two quarts of cream; boil these in the milk; put in eight eggs, six or eight spoonfuls of wine vinegar to turn the milk; let it boil till it comes to a curd, tie it up in a cheese cloth, and let it hang six or eight hours to drain; then open it, take out the spice, sweeten it with sugar and rose-water, put it into a cullender, let it stand an hour more, then turn it out and serve it up in a dish with cream under it.

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 38 letters.

My 1, 16, 28, 37, 27, is a fountain or well near Gilboa.
My 1, 20, 19, 4, 2, 21, 32, is one of the epistles of Paul.
My 5, 8, 10, 4, 21, 18, is a district in the North-East of Palestine.
My 6, 10, 15, was a father of a famous leader of the Jews.
My 6, 25, 34, 17, was a town in Palestine.
My 7, 13, 14, 36, is a name for Mount Hermon.
My 8, 22, 38, 31, 33, was a Gentile who was the companion of the Apostle Paul in many of his travels.
My 10, 28, was the birth-place of Abraham.
My 11, 25, 15, 16, is a town in Galilee.
My 19, 22, 19, 33, 4, 34, 25, 7, was a city built by Herod Antipas.
My 14, 36, 37, was a town in Benjamin.
My 19, 2, 38, 1, 20, 23, 18, 3, was a pool near the sheep-gate of Jerusalem.
My 26, 24, 11, 1, 37, was an ancient King of Egypt.
My 29, 18, 28, 33, 13, was a metropolis of Bashan.
My 30, 3, 17, is a well known agricultural instrument of the ancient Jews.
My 31, 9, is a city in the region on the upper part of the Euphrates.
My 32, 3, 9, 27, 5, 23, was a seat of one of the seven churches.
My 35, 14, 19, is a district on the east of Jordan.
My 36, 25, 12, 1, 16, 26, was a distinguished prophet of Judea.
My whole is one of the Proverbs of Solomon.

Philadelphia. WILLIAM T. TOTTEN.

☞ An answer is requested.

GRAMMATICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 73 letters.

My 23, 9, 17, 7, 67, 3, 14, 10, 65, 64, 73, is one of the divisions of grammar.
My 20, 37, 27, 68, 67, 25, 50, 63, 70, 23, 34, is one of the parts of speech.
My 24, 60, 11, 15, 47, 62, 55, 71, is one of the divisions of gender.
My 21, 71, 48, 30, 66, 35, 62, 55, 59, is a participle.
My 29, 39, 31, 35, 49, 73, is an adverb.
My 4, 13, 2, 8, 57, 33, 56, 19, is a manner of expressing thought.
My 61, 38, 39, 52, 5, 2, is a preposition.
My 72, 19, 3, 51, 1, 6, is a signification of time.
My 28, 12, 26, 31, 43, is a preposition.
My 32, 45, 41, 35, 46, 69, is expressing sex.
My 57, 47, 39, 40, 53, is a preposition.
My 22, 44, 58, 43, is a pronoun.
My 36, 54, 16, is a verb.
My 51, 18, 1, is a pronoun.
My whole is a definition to English grammar.

OLIVER.

ANAGRAMS OF GIRLS' NAMES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Great arm.	Dame Angel.
Fie! Ann!	Abel.
Allons.	Use oil.
Loath cart.	Take.
One war.	Hazel bite.
Tata.	Carl A.

Catarissa, Pa. J.

CHARADE.

Enveloped in a solemn gloom,
My first is sometimes seen;
And sometimes dressed in bright array,
Reflects upon the green.

My second forms a sweet retreat,
Where you and I might stray,
And as we walk, with converse sweet
Enjoy the pleasant day.

My whole's a vegetable fair,
With flower of purple dye,
And fruit that hang in clusters thick,
Delightful to the eye.

DIOPHANTINE QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find four integral numbers, in geometrical progression, the sum of whose cubes shall be a biquadrate?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A and B are living 108 perches apart, on the same side of a straight public road; C is not exactly living at the road, but has a straight and direct lane of 64 perches in length from his house out to said road, meeting it at right angles between A and B. At a distance of 65 perches from each and every one of these three men there is a corner-tree, where all three of their lands do join; from this, it is surmised, the distances from A to C, and from B to C can be found.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What curious animals with wings form part of a very manly exercise? Ans.—Bats.

☞ What town in England is a great grain-field? Ans.—Rye.

☞ Why is a man in a rage like a hard-baked pie? Ans.—Because he is crusty.

☞ A DUCK OF A CONUNDRUM.—When is a metal like a *bird* and a *hat*? Ans.—When it is *ductile!*

☞ Why is the flight of an eagle a most unpleasant sight to witness? Ans.—Because it's a a high soar (*eyesore.*)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The repulse of the rebel gun-boat Merrimac by the gallant little Monitor. NAMES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.—Franklin (Lynn), Hamilton, Tell, Rushmid (bald), Goliah (liar), Ledyard, Wallace, Brownlow (owl), Porter, Burnside. CHARADE.—Mendicant. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—25 apples to Henry, 18 to Thomas.